HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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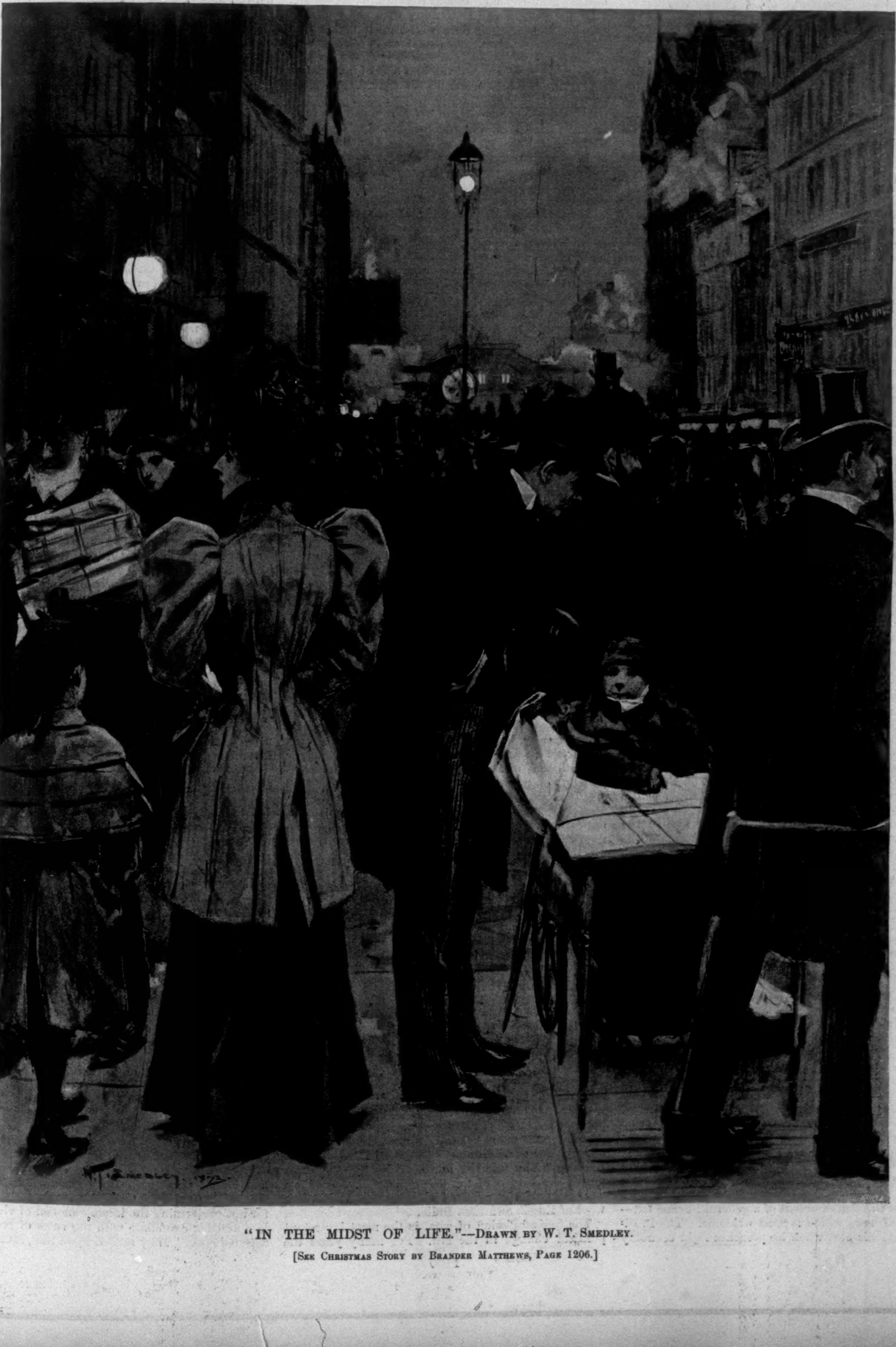

"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE."—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

[SEE CHRISTMAS STORY BY BRANDER MATTHEWS, PAGE 1206.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(THIRTY-TWO PAGES WITH ILLUMINATED COVER.)

PUBLISHED

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A vivid and picturesque story of LIFE AT MONTE CARLO, *in two parts, illustrated, entitled* "HIPPOLYTE," *by* GEORGE BASSETT, *will begin in the next number.*

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE President's message is a sober business document, devoted in the main to a statement of the operations of the government in the ordinary routine manner. Excepting the paragraphs relating to the tariff, it is wholly unpartisan in character and tone. A sensible, conservative, patriotic Republican in the Presidential chair might have written it just as well as a Democrat. The plain recital of facts is interspersed with but few expressions of opinion, and the opinions it does express will generally commend themselves by their soundness to all fair-minded men, irrespective of party. The President reports our relations to the powers of the world, great and small, to be invariably friendly. Complications which at one time or another appeared to threaten grave consequences and greatly inflamed excitable minds are now discussed with a calmness which happily corresponds with the present temper of the public mind concerning them. We all remember the flurry about Samoa, which some years ago moved our jingoes to fierce declamations about the necessity of maintaining our national dignity and protecting our commercial interests in distant seas, if it must be, by force of arms. After having pointed out the confusion brought forth by the famous diplomatic settlement embodied in the Treaty of Berlin, President CLEVELAND coolly remarks, "This incident and the events leading up to it signally illustrate the impolicy of entangling alliances with foreign powers." To which the common-sense of the country is now ready to respond with an emphatic assent.

What the President says of the Hawaiian affair is equally calm and reasonable. After a clear and dispassionate statement of the facts in the case, as reported by Mr. BLOUNT, the President expresses his opinion that "the only honorable course for our government to pursue was to undo the wrong that had been done by those representing us, and to restore as far as practicable the status existing at the time of our forcible intervention." This is the evident dictate of justice and national honor. The President adds that, "with a view of accomplishing this result *within the constitutional limits of Executive power*, and recognizing all our obligations and responsibilities growing out of any changed conditions brought about by our unjustifiable interference, our present minister at Honolulu has received appropriate instructions to that end." This quiet remark is calculated to cool the ardor of those who assailed the administration with frantic cries on the wild assumption that the President had resolved to declare war against the provisional government of Hawaii without authorization by Congress. The President promises soon to lay the details of this matter before Congress in a special message.

As to the matter of our monetary system, the President wisely suggests that after the repeal of the silver-purchase act a lasting and comprehensive financial plan should be prepared, but that this should be done with careful deliberation, avoiding all unnecessary haste. This advice is eminently sound and timely, and it can be followed without the slightest risk. With the silver-purchase law our greatest danger has disappeared. There is plenty of money in the banks and trust companies—more than business demands for immediate employment. While it is not pretended that the existing financial system, as the repeal of the silver-purchase law has left it, should be regarded as a permanent one, no immediate measure of change is called for. With the banking and currency legislation that is to last, we can afford to proceed slowly and cautiously.

The condition of the Treasury exhibited by the President is by no means gratifying. The estimates of government receipts and expenditures for the current fiscal year show a deficiency of $28,000,000. The task of covering this deficiency by new taxation he leaves to Congress, mentioning only that the Committee of Ways and Means "have wisely embraced in their plan a few additional internal revenue taxes, including a small tax upon incomes derived from certain corporate investments." This indicates the abandonment of a general income tax—a piece of news which is most welcome. The President is at his best when he preaches rigid economy in public expenditures as one of the means to relieve the difficulties of the Treasury, and we are glad to see that he deems it proper to warn Congress in this respect against needless appropriations for the construction of new ships of war. This is all the more sensible as the building of new armored battle-ships would only furnish us costly things of which nobody knows what they will be practically good for, and which in our hands would only be dangerous incentives of embroilment in foreign trouble.

The severest drain upon the Treasury being caused by our extravagant pension system, the President devotes to it some impressive remarks. The civil war lies nearly thirty years behind us, and the sum required for pensions during the current fiscal year is $165,000,000. If this had been predicted twenty years ago, it would have been scouted as an impossibility. Posterity will look at it as almost incredible. That the pension-roll is teeming with the names of fraudulent pensioners is a well-known fact. That the people so meekly bear this is an encouragement of further fraud, perjury, and robbery. We are glad to hear the President demand in a tone of indignation that "frauds in the pension-rolls should be exposed and corrected with thoroughness and vigor," and that "those who attempt in the line of duty to rectify these wrongs should not be accused of enmity or indifference to the claims of honest veterans." There is no viler demagogy than that which seeks to catch votes at the expense not only of the public treasury, but of the public morality and conscience; and this demagogy is by no means confined to one party.

The reform of the tariff the President regards as the principal problem now to be solved. "Nothing so important," he says, "claims our attention, and nothing so clearly presents itself as both an opportunity and a duty." He expresses his agreement in general terms with the tariff bill of the Committee of Ways and Means recently published. In the way of argument he has nothing to say that is new. But he addresses a word of warning to the members of his party in Congress that is of the highest importance. It is that if members insist upon the preservation of protective duties on articles produced in their local constituencies, tariff reform must inevitably fail. This is as clear as sunlight. If the Texas delegation successfully insists upon a protective duty on wool, the West Virginia delegation upon one on coal, the Alabama delegation upon one on iron ore, and so on, the whole fabric which rests upon the free admission of raw material will surely tumble to pieces. And there is one of the greatest dangers threatening tariff reform. The Committee of Ways and Means has avoided this danger, and it is to be hoped that the President's warning will not be without effect in the House of Representatives and the Senate.

A review of the President's utterances on the subject of civil service reform, which would require too much space at this time, we reserve for another issue.

THE TARIFF BILL.

THE tariff bill reported by the Committee on Ways and Means is in one sense a moderate measure; in another sense, a radical measure. Compared with the tariffs under which we lived and prospered for many years before the civil war, it leaves us still with a very high degree of protection. Compared with the tariffs of countries like France and Germany, in which there has been of late years so distinct a revival of protection, it is also a strongly protectionist measure. Compared with the completely non-protective tariff of England, its duties are immoderately high. But compared with the MCKINLEY tariff act, it is, in one respect at least, a radical measure. It drops the policy of indiscriminate protection. It rests on the principle that, after all, there are some things which the country is capable of producing, but which it will nevertheless permit to be freely imported. So far as the great mass of manufactured commodities is concerned, the changes in duty are not incisive; but the free admission of some important raw materials marks a radical change in policy.

Far and away the most important of these changes is that by which raw wool is to be admitted free of duty. For thirty years we have been imposing heavy duties on any and every quality of wool, and we have been promised by domestic wool-growers, or at least by their spokesmen in politics, that they would be able to supply all the wool of every quality that the country wanted. They have never done so; in fact, conditions of soil and climate make it impossible that they should do so. They furnish us with an abundant and sufficiently cheap supply of wools of medium quality. But they are not able to produce fine wools in any quantity, and they do not find it worth while to produce very coarse wool at all. Under these circumstances the bill wisely puts wool upon the free list, and so gives the American people the benefit of the fine quality of Australian wool and of the extreme cheapness of the coarse wool of Russia and East India.

The free admission of wool is the most important political change in the bill. For many years the duty on wool has been made to do service in States like Ohio and Michigan as bringing to the farmer his share of the benefits of protection. It required the courage of President CLEVELAND to face the situation boldly, and to declare for free wool even though Ohio was a doubtful State. This he did in his message, now passed into history, of December, 1887, when he took that unflinching attitude on the tariff question which has brought his party to the position in which it now is. If there is any one part of their programme to which the Democrats are committed it is the free admission of wool; and this part of the bill may be expected to reach the stage of enactment if any part of it does. Once made, the change unquestionably will be found a beneficial one. The great mass of the wool-growers will find themselves injured to no appreciable degree; the manufacturers will have their material cheaper; and the consumers will have better and cheaper clothes.

Next in political importance to the free admission of wool is the free admission of iron ore and the reduction of the duty on pig-iron. If anything is raw material, iron ore certainly is, and if a beginning is to be made anywhere in the direction of cheapening materials, this is the most appropriate point that could be found. The duty on pig-iron is reduced to 22½ per cent.: the existing duty is equivalent to between 60 and 70 per cent. The reduction is thus considerable. It must be remembered, however, that the pig-iron duty has for many years been virtually prohibitory, except for small lots of special qualities of iron; and except along the Eastern seacoast it is doubtful if any considerable greater use of imported iron will ensue. Along the Eastern seaboard the change, if carried to the point of enactment, will make iron somewhat cheaper, and will aid all iron-using establishments—and this means all manufactures of every sort.

So far as manufactures are concerned, most of the changes are from duties that were prohibitory to duties that will be somewhat less prohibitory. Such is the case with most silk goods, cotton goods, glassware, and china-ware. On woollens there is a more important change. They are admitted at the simple duty of 40 per cent., which is to be reduced one per cent. each year for five years, until finally the duty on them reaches the definitive rate of 35 per cent. This change is the counterpart of the free admission of wool, which entailed a complete removal of the present high and complicated duties on woollen goods, and the substitution of a simple and comparatively moderate *ad valorem* duty. In almost any other country duties of 35 and 40 per cent., coupled with free raw material, would be thought to give more than adequate protection. We are confident that they will be found to give all the protection that the woollen industry of the United States now needs, and that they will cheapen goods to the mass of the consumers without seriously endangering the prosperity of the manufacturers.

On the whole, the bill is carefully and conscientiously drafted. It faces the situation boldly, applies the knife sharply to some excrescences of a protective growth, and redeems in a substantial way the promises under which the Democratic party came into power. Yet it makes no such radical or far-reaching changes as will disturb the great mass of the manufacturing industries. The country can easily accommodate itself to such changes, and within a few months after its enactment, few will advocate a return to the existing order of things.

THE CAVES OF THE BANDITS.

IF the reports that are appearing in the daily press be true, Senator HILL has confessed the cause of both the strength and the weakness of the machine. He nominated MAYNARD against the inclinations of his associates, and MAYNARD was defeated. The combination of city bosses upon whom he depended for success realized that the load was too heavy for them. They understood, as he apparently did not understand, that there is a limit to the patience of American citizens with the evil men and things of their politics. They went down before the wrath of the voters, and they hold Senator HILL responsible for the disaster. But the archmaster of the cheap politics of the stews possesses the audacity of his trade, and he turned upon the lieutenants who had lost his fight and their own. CROKER, MURPHY, and SHEEHAN were plainly told that they had been incompetent. MCLAUGHLIN of Brooklyn, the independent political brigand of Kings, who has acted now with one faction and now with another, who has traded with the bosses and lent them his band on many of their predatory excursions, was also called to account. The scenes between the beaten and bedraggled captains and their storming leader are described as interesting and as filled with fury. The captains did not relish rebuke from the man who had loaded them with MAYNARD'S odium, who had thereby invited defeat, and who now lectured them for not performing the impossible feat of vindicating him and his candidate with the votes of people who detested both. They turned upon him, MURPHY and

Croker leading, for they had come out of the fray with fewer scars than their fellows, and renounced their allegiance.

This episode, which is worthy of relating because it is likely to form part of the history of the interesting and important political movement now in progress, does not mean that the combination of city bosses is broken. It shows its existence, the intimate relations of its members, their mutual interdependence, the general recognition by the bandits of the necessity of their union if the business of looting is to continue to be profitable. It ought to be, and possibly will be, a revelation to a good many Democrats who have deluded themselves with the belief that they have been helping to advance Democratic principles in national politics, whereas they have been simply the unconscious allies of a band of freebooters. Now that the bosses have demonstrated the truth about themselves, and demonstrated it in such a way that ignorance of them and their methods can be an excuse to no one, there ought to be no question of their ultimate destruction.

The power of the corrupt Democratic machine is in the cities. The bosses rule them, carry their votes in their pockets, make and unmake candidates, and in ordinary years carry elections. Their power is a grant of the Legislature. If it had not been for corrupt bargains at Albany, the cities of the State would not have been transformed into autocracies. Years ago Senator **Murphy** was reported to have said that there was no difficulty about carrying a city if you had control of the police. From that time to this the effort has been to secure the control of the authorities who are charged with the duty of appointing the inspectors, who have the custody of the ballot-boxes and the votes. Under existing laws the bosses of the great cities have control of the election machinery. **Murphy's** principle has been applied. For New York the law was changed so that three inspectors, two Democrats and one Republican, have succeeded to four, two from each party. The law further secures to **Croker** the two Democrats. In many election districts bargains with Republican free lances give to **Croker** a Republican inspector who is also his loyal henchman. In Troy, **Murphy** reigns by aid of the laws of the State. In Buffalo, **Sheehan** secured control of the ballot-boxes by a series of legislative raids, by stealing marches, and by sneaking methods and snap-judgments in the last Legislature, the conduct of that body being quite in keeping with the thievish basis of its Democratic majority.

These four counties, New York, Erie, Kings, and Rensselaer, gave Mr. **Cleveland** in 1892 a plurality of 107,259. His plurality in the State was 45,518. The four great cities controlled the State. They may control it in any reasonably close election. If the recent revolt against the machine had not been a great popular uprising, **Maynard** might have been counted in by the election machinery, which is in the power of the city bosses. The evidence that false counting was actually resorted to in this city is convincing. In some of the down-town election districts no Republican votes were returned, and in the others so few were returned that it is certain that **Maynard** would have been counted in if his defeat had not been overwhelming. The expression of honesty was so strong that dishonesty could not stand before it.

The first duty of the Republican Legislature will be to save the State from the bosses of the cities. As these bandits are intrenched and aided by the laws passed by previous Legislatures, relief can be obtained at once by the repeal of these laws. It would seem as though party policy and expediency would dictate the immediate passage of repeal bills. Unfortunately, however, there are Republican politicians—and some of them are members of the Legislature—who profit through an alliance with the bosses, and are accomplices in their political crimes. These men will delay, and may be strong enough to prevent action unless they shall be forced to right conduct by decent leadership in the Senate and the Assembly, and by a full expression of the popular feeling through the daily press. If the Republican Legislature does not repeal the laws by which the city bosses have obtained their power, the recent popular victory over the machine will lose much of its significance and its moral force. The power to destroy the bosses rests with the Legislature. The emancipation of the cities ought to be the first great step in the work of municipal reform. They are now the strongholds of the bandits, and threaten the safety and welfare of the State. Before undertaking the necessary reform of their governments, the Legislature should see to it that they cease to be fountains of political corruption.

A DANGEROUS SCHEME.

There is evidence that a determined movement will be made in this State this winter to secure the passage by the Legislature of a bill giving public money to schools commonly known as denominational, and there are signs that a like movement may be pressed in various other States of the Union. We do not suppose that any one has serious doubt as to the origin of such a plan, or as to who would be its chief, probably its sole, beneficiaries. There is only one Church from the bosom of which it could spring, only one on which it could confer any advantage, and only one the members of which would, we think, consent to share its benefits. That is the Roman Catholic Church, and though the scheme will in form extend to the schools of all Churches, it never would even have been suggested from any other source. It is a scheme to use the public money for the aid of Catholic parochial schools, and for nothing else.

There is no reason to suppose that it will succeed. There is certainly none why it should succeed. The plea of the parochial school is as familiar as it is delusive. It is that as Catholics pay the school tax and cannot conscientiously send their children to the public schools, they ought to have part of the tax for their own schools, to which they can conscientiously send their children. The answer to this is that the school tax is levied to give all children a chance for the schooling that is a prime need of a State governed by universal suffrage. The Catholics get that chance in return for their share of the tax. If their consciences will not let them take it, it may be unfortunate, but it is not unjust. The State does not teach religion, either Catholic or anti-Catholic, and it leaves all parents entirely free to give their children any religious instruction they choose—Catholic, Lutheran, Israelite, Mohammedan, or atheistic. In other words, it gives all children what all need and must have, and forces on none what the parents can object to. That is perfectly fair to every one.

But the new scheme proposes the exact opposite of this. It proposes to use the public money to support schools that teach religion which is abhorrent to a great part of the taxpayers. Catholics would be taxed to teach anti-papacy, Protestants to teach the condemnation of **Luther**, Israelites to teach Christian dogma, and so on. The plan is as ridiculous as it is unfair, and we are not surprised that Monseigneur **Farley**, for the officials of his diocese, declines any responsibility for it. Nevertheless, a considerable number of the Catholic clergy have for a long time advocated the principle of the plan, and it will be for the higher authorities to give to it something more than a negative opposition.

THIS BUSY WORLD

It ought not to be indispensable to a hearty appreciation of Christmas that one's balance at the bank should be on the right side, but practically when the balance is not where it should be it strains one's self-control a little to meet the holidays with glee. The balance is pretty generally unsatisfactory this year, but Christmas is coming just the same, and one must face the music always, even when it is Christmas carols. This year's carols will be hailed joyously by some of us, and welcomed complacently at least by others, but a great multitude will turn toward them faces in which there must be less of exultation than of perplexed endurance.

It behooves as many of us as find ourselves in the latter class to take our holidays as easily as we can, doing heartily what is indispensable, and lightening all the pecuniary burdens the regulation of which is within our control. It is a great year for making a little money go a great ways. And because the very poor are so much poorer this year than is usual, and because so many people are out of work, and lack food and clothes and coal, and all the commonest Christmas necessaries, such as turkeys, it is a great year to abate to its narrowest limit the conventional custom of swapping expensive gifts, and a good year to put one another off with presents of small cost bestowed with much love, and to spend the bulk of our surplus on things that bring larger returns. This year, at least, one's good-will toward men is better expressed by buying coals than diamonds, and if any one can't give both, and has to choose which to buy, let him buy the coals, and let the diamonds hold over. When we give expensive presents we are apt to do it more to gratify ourselves than our beneficiaries, and the people we give them to don't care so much about what they get as they do to forestall our gifts with something equally fine. If we didn't swap so much, and gave more, we would get off much cheaper, and have a good deal more real fun.

This is a good season to spend money on the very poor and the very small, the two classes which are entitled to the most consideration at Christmas-time, and with which the smallest expenditures go furthest. Bless all unspoiled children, who have no conception of money values or comparative worth. It is so cheap and easy and satisfying to make a Christmas for them! Consumers of skates and sleds and pocket-knives and dolls and toys and picture-books and paint-boxes and candy in striped sticks and oranges and gilded walnuts and Christmas trees should have their Christmas just about as usual, and if there is any shortage in the fund that supplies their simple gratifications it should be made good by skimping the outlay for jewelled watches, *éditions de luxe*, and articles generally that cost more than five dollars apiece. If any one is to suffer, it should be the well-to-do grown-ups, whose conception of Christmas is already formed, and who ought to be able to extract spiritual benefits from self-denial, even when it is forced upon them.

The comparatively cheap pleasures seem to be the best, not only for this Christmas, but in life generally. There is so little that the very rich can buy for themselves that need stir envy in people who are just comfortably off. Warmth is such a delightful thing in winter, but you and I can get as much as we want of it, and a millionaire can have no more. And then there are so many cheap ordinary things to eat that are just as good as or better than the expensive things. An epicure who lives somewhere in the western part of this State was saying the other day that, having a particular dinner in view, he sent to a judicious man in New York for the best fish that the market offered. They sent him a fresh cod, and he admitted that no fish could be better, and moralized (those are his remarks above) on the comparative cheapness of the fleshly gratifications that were really best, such as potatoes and chickens and fresh air, and tea and water (warm and cold), and soap, and sleep. When one considers how good a big five-cent sandwich tastes when he is really hungry, and what a poor thing a five-dollar dinner is when he is not, and how little difference there is between good wine and good water when it has once passed one's gullet, and how much of that difference is in favor of the water, it really lends a dangerous charm to economy and simple living, and makes one wonder that thrift is not more catching, and that the delights of avarice should be so generally monopolized by the aged.

One of the cases where a cheap article is often at least as good as a dear one is in the matter of sons-in-law. How often it happens that the plain cheap son-in-law who exacts no bonus, and even in some cases contributes to his wife's support, turns out in the end to be really more valuable and satisfactory than the bankrupt loafer-prince who costs a million or two at the start, and all that he can lay his hands on afterwards!

People who went to see the Yale-Harvard football game seem very generally to have come back with the impression of a serious defect in the vocal efforts of the Harvard crowd. Harvard made some noise at Springfield, particularly during the first half of the game, but it was the general sentiment that her cries, compared with Yale's, were feeble, undisciplined, and ineffectual. Some of the wise men assert that the victory Yale won was really a moral victory, and that Harvard had the materials to win the game, but lacked the resolution to use them. The Harvard crowd, they aver, never yelled as they should have yelled, and it was partly due to lack of support from their backers that the Harvard players let the game slip through their fingers. It seems excessively difficult to teach Harvard men to play football well enough to beat Yale, but at least it ought to be possible to teach them to yell. What they seem to need at Cambridge is a new official, to be known as the *magister clamandi*, whose business it should be to see that the undergraduate body whoops it up with due lung-power and proper spirit on occasions when there is a call for noise. The master of the yelling should be a graduate, and should have authority to select a staff of lieutenants from the undergraduate body, with whose help he could undertake to turn out at least as much noise as the Yale men on all occasions where noise would do good. The office will take time and concentration of energy, and should command a salary. And, of course, the man to fill it is the gentleman whom Mr. Joseph Choate once pointed out at a Harvard Club dinner as the incarnation of the Harvard spirit. Mr. Evert Jansen Wendell is the man. He has the ability and the disposition; give him the authority also, and there will be something very seriously amiss with Harvard lungs if he does not make them adequately responsive.

One result of the activity of the police on the night of the Thanksgiving-day football game was to disclose that great numbers of the most turbulent marauders in orange and black were not college men at all, but clerks and shop-boys improving a chance for misbehavior at the cost of the college man's reputation. That the Princeton devil should not be as orange and black as he is painted accords with precedent, and is only what one would expect, but that the delinquent in orange and black should turn out not to be the Princeton devil at all is a disconcerting manifestation of unscrupulous shifts. To borrow a man's credit is bad enough, but to cloak one's misdemeanors with his discredit is a form of pilfering that deserves a full measure of discouragement at the hands of the police.

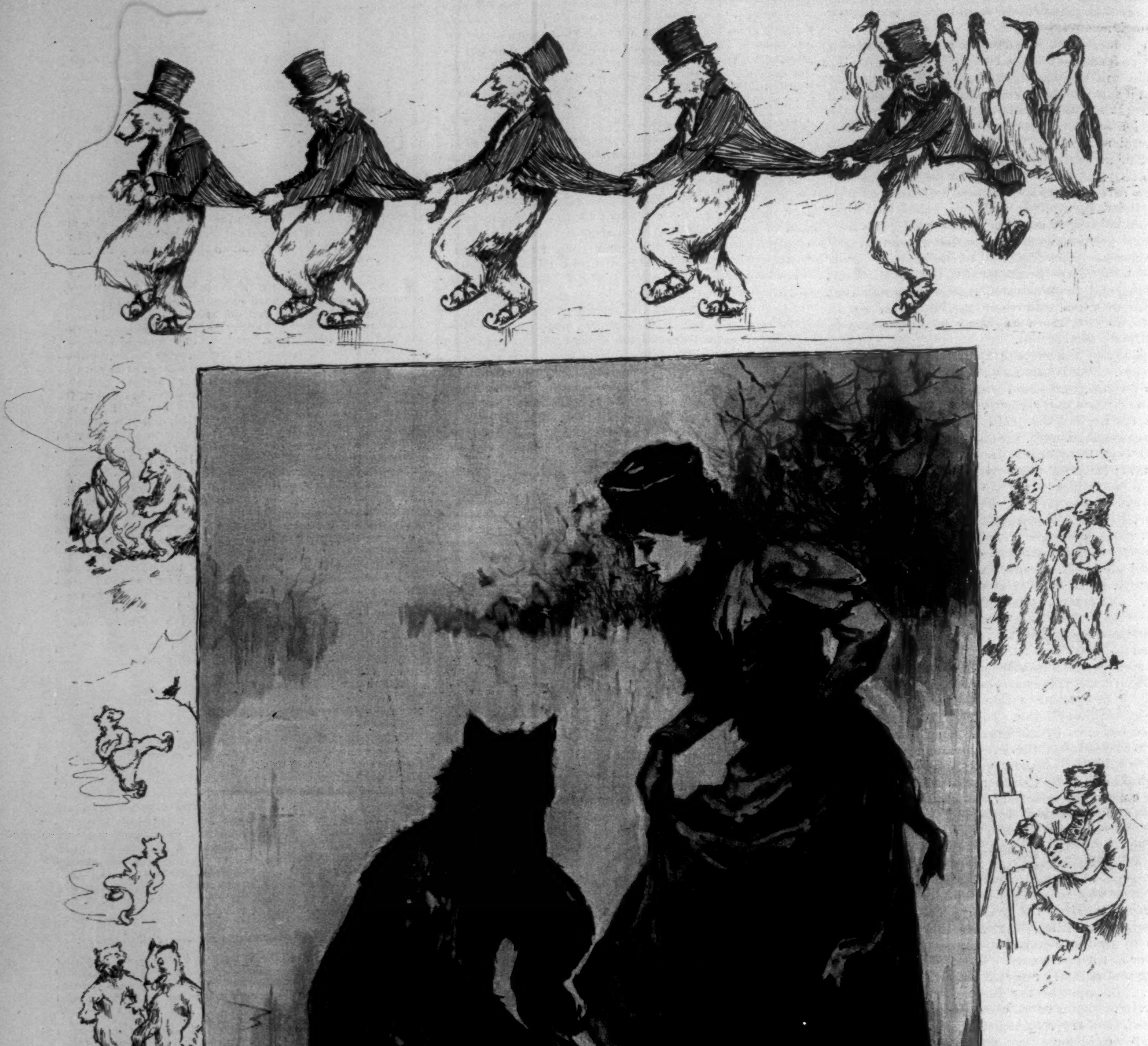
In its issue of December 1st the *Evening Post* observes:

> "William A. Bancroft was elected Mayor of Cambridge a year ago, and entered office 'unpledged to anything except a faithful performance of my duty.' So successfully has he conducted affairs that he has just been renominated by a citizens' convention upon a non-party platform, and everything indicates his re-election."

It would be interesting to ascertain whether the *Post* is aware that this gentleman whose course as Mayor of Cambridge has been so honorably successful is the same Bancroft who was the captain and mainstay of the Harvard crew in 1877 and 1878, and was regarded for ten years afterwards as the one man who might have been able as coach to fit the Harvard oarsmen to compete successfully with the pupils of Robert J. Cook. It would be too much to say that the *Post* maintains that a man who has been a good athlete in college is never good for anything afterwards, but its deliverances on college athletics certainly suggest that impression. Mayor Bancroft is a good example of a notorious college athlete who was apparently good for something afterwards, and the *Post's* own allusion to him would seem a good paragraph for the *Post* to mark for future reference.

Most readers of **Harper's Weekly** will have learned ere this of the lamentable and untimely taking off of their old friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes. The story has been told in detail in the daily press. It is grievous news. We could have better spared some one else—some one to whom fewer things happened, or whose experiences were harder reading and less refreshing to a tired mind. In spite of his ominous addiction to certain drugs, Mr. Holmes at last accounts seemed in good health and full of business and irregular energy. His mind was working well, his income was satisfactory, and there was every reason to hope that he would be spared to practise for years to come the profession which he so signally adorned. His friends even hoped that in due course he might marry, and that some of his remarkable gifts might prove to be hereditary in a growing family. But it seems that through the intervention of one Doyle, a physician, who had a claim upon him, he was induced to undertake a case of desperate peril, in which there is every reason to believe that he lost his life. At any rate, he has disappeared, and though his remains have not yet been found, the proof is almost absolute that he died a violent death. His many admirers will cling to the last to the hope that he may be found, and found alive; but that seems so remote a possibility that the more reasonable solace, such as it is, appears in the chance that his brother, whose perceptions are well known to be marvellously acute, may be roused by this bereavement from the indifference which has so long impeded him, and be restored to a useful and active life. Dr. Doyle, who is directly and almost criminally responsible for our friend's tragic death, owes it to us to try at least to induce the other Holmes to abandon the club where he stagnates, to move into the quarters in Baker Street, and to uphold at the old stand the reputation of his family.

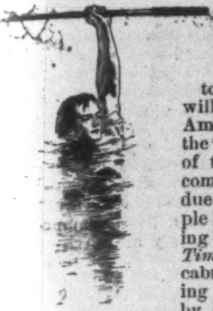
E. S. Martin.


F. S. CHURCH
XMAS.

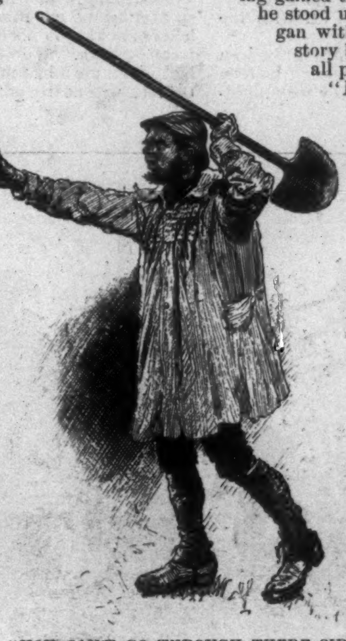
CHRISTMAS FUN.—Drawn by F. S. Church.

THE RIGHT OF WAY.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.—ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.



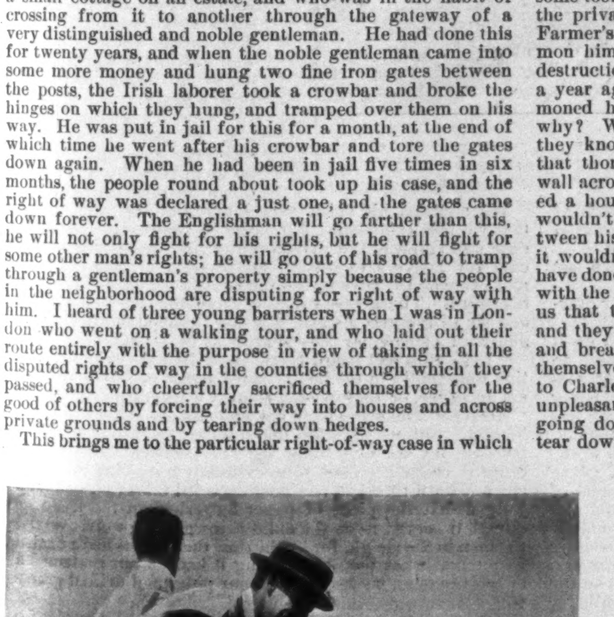
THIS is a true story, and one that is intended to illustrate a characteristic of the English people. It shows, I think, to what lengths an Englishman will go to gain his rights when an American would say, "Oh, what is the use?" or, "Never mind." One of the reasons England is such a comfortable place in which to live is due to the fact that the English people have this peculiar habit of fighting for their rights, by letters to the *Times*, or by taking the numbers of cabmen and policemen and appearing against them in the morning, or by sending war-ships into strange harbors where the window-panes of some English merchants have been smashed. If there were elevated roads in London, the clerk who lives in Kensington would not hang and swing from a strap on his way to and from the city. He would see that he was given the seat for which he had paid. The American is too busy and too good-natured to fight for his rights, so he continues to stand from Rector Street to Harlem, and to walk over unclean streets, and sees the beautiful green park at the Battery taken from him and turned into a railroad terminus. He will learn, in time, that the reason the Englishman has better roads and better streets and better protection for his life and property is because he "makes a kick about it," and protests and growls and is generally disagreeable until he gets what he wants. Good-nature is not always a virtue, and sometimes the easy-going person is a very selfish one too. Equally strong with his desire to have his rights is the Englishman's deference for the rights of others. He shows this deference by respecting the English law, which makes those rights good. There was a young woman in England who told me that she and seven or eight other young people had tramped in single file through a gentleman's dining-room one evening, while he and his guests were at dinner, in order to establish a right of way. The Englishman had built his house on a meadow directly across a pathway that had been used for centuries, and once a year the young people of the neighboring estates marched across his lawn, and up his stairs, and through his house, in order that he should remember that the right of way still existed. She was an exceedingly shy and well-bred young person, and of a family quite as old as the right of way, but it apparently did not strike her that she was rude in tramping through a stranger's house, or, indeed, that she was doing anything but a public duty. And the interesting point of the story to me was that the English householder, instead of getting a Winchester and driving the young trespassers off of his lawn, should have had so full an appreciation of their right to question his right that he simply bit his lips and went to law about it.



"YOU CAN'T GO THROUGH THERE, SIR!"

There was an Irishman in the same county who lived in a small cottage on an estate, and who was in the habit of crossing from it to another through the gateway of a very distinguished and noble gentleman. He had done this for twenty years, and when the noble gentleman came into some more money and hung two fine iron gates between the posts, the Irish laborer took a crowbar and broke the hinges on which they hung, and tramped over them on his way. He was put in jail for this for a month, at the end of which time he went after his crowbar and tore the gates down again. When he had been in jail five times in six months, the people round about took up his case, and the right of way was declared a just one, and the gates came down forever. The Englishman will go farther than this, he will not only fight for his rights, but he will fight for some other man's rights; he will go out of his road to tramp through a gentleman's property simply because the people in the neighborhood are disputing for right of way with him. I heard of three young barristers when I was in London who went on a walking tour, and who laid out their route entirely with the purpose in view of taking in all the disputed rights of way in the counties through which they passed, and who cheerfully sacrificed themselves for the good of others by forcing their way into houses and across private grounds and by tearing down hedges.

This brings me to the particular right-of-way case in which I was involved, and of which I was appointed chronicler. I have been somewhat tardy in bringing the true story of this inglorious Oxford movement to the attention of the world; but now that it is to be written it will be given fully and with all possible detail, as befits so important an event in the history of the struggles for English liberty.



THE ATTACK ON THE BARRIER.—FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH.

The Balliol Eight had bumped the boat in front that day, and were celebrating the fact with a dinner. I remember this dinner very well, because each of the eight had come to me in a friendly way during the afternoon, and had told me not to dress for dinner, as only bounders and cads wore dress clothes at a "wine." I accordingly came in flannels, and found the entire eight in the proper garments of evening, and with a pained and surprised look at my appearance, and when I demanded with some indignation why they had put me in such a position, they all denied ever having spoken to me at any time on the subject of dress, and apologized for my appearance to the other guests by explaining that I came from America, where evening dress was unknown. The guests accepted this as an interesting fact, and the eight grinned together in unison at the success of what they considered a very subtle practical joke. But I had my revenge, as they were still in training for Henley, and could eat nothing but cold meat, and so were forced to look on at the celebration of their victory by the only men present who had in no possible way contributed towards it. It was near the close of the dinner when the Hon. Hubert Howard, who pulled bow that day, rapped for silence, and when he had obtained it announced gravely that he was looking for volunteers to join him in an expedition which promised much excitement, possible danger, and the ultimate success of which would bring liberty to many British subjects. Having gained the centre of the stage by this declaration, he stood up and further explained himself. He began with the deliberation of one who has a long story before him, and who means to tell it with all possible detail.

"Last summer," he began, "a chap named Curzon started to row from Stratford to Warwick with Harry Farmer, the gentleman on my right, whose work at stroke, I may add parenthetically, so largely contributed to our success of this afternoon." Mr. Farmer blushed at this and bowed his head, and everybody except the boy who wanted Farmer's place in the boat rapped with his knife-handle and cried "Hear! hear!" in patronizing tones.

"They rowed about seven miles," Howard continued, "until they were stopped by a barrier of chains and iron rods across the river at Charlecote. The Charlecote estate, as you know, belongs to the Lucy family, and their land runs on both banks of the Avon. They keep deer there, and they claim that the excursionists from Warwick and Stratford who row up and down the river frighten these deer. As you may remember, the Lucys were always very particular about their deer; they, or one of them, had Shakespeare himself up for killing a deer, and so handed themselves down to an inglorious immortality. Well, they've put this iron barrier up now to keep the boats out, and they've marked the river that runs through their lands 'Private Water.' When Farmer and Curzon discovered it, they rowed back to a village and borrowed some tools and broke the barrier down, and rowed on into the private water, for which the agent of the estate took Farmer's name, and told him he would summon him to the high courts for trespass and destruction of private property. That was just a year ago this June, and they haven't summoned him yet, and they never will. And why? Why, because they are afraid, because they know they've no more right to block that thoroughfare than they have to build a wall across the Strand. Suppose a man owned a house on both sides of the Strand, that wouldn't give him the right to run a fence between his two properties, would it? Of course it wouldn't. Well, that's what these people have done. Now we have been corresponding with the Stratford Rowing Club, and they tell us that the barrier has been built up again, and they want to know if we won't go there and break it down. They're afraid to do it themselves, you see, because they live too near to Charlecote, and the Lucys might make it unpleasant for them. So Farmer and I are going down there to-morrow or next day to tear down that barrier, and any other gentleman who wants to sacrifice himself for the sake of liberty can come with us. I call for volunteers."

There was much confusion, and questioning, and mocking laughter.

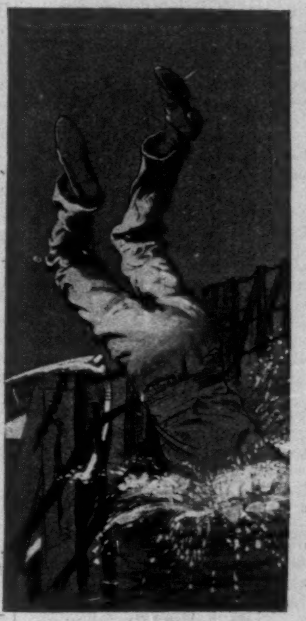
"Right on our side?" demanded Howard. "There never was a case with so much right on one side. It is overbalanced with right. And we've documents and pictures and things, and we're going to nail the documents to a church door. There's a precedent for that; and I speak to address the populace. Mr. —— here," pointing to the father of one of the crew, "is an attorney, and though he won't let his son go with us, he'll be our legal adviser, and Davis will be chronicler and treasurer. Davis, you Americans are always talking about your love of liberty, and here's a chance to exhibit it. Besides, somebody must be treasurer, or we can't go."

I temporized by saying that I should like to hear from the legal adviser now instead of later, when his advice would not perhaps be so valuable. The legal adviser smiled, and asked what these documents of Howard's might be.

"One of them is an order in Privy Council, issued by Charles II., declaring that the Avon must be kept clear and open from Coventry to the Severn; and we've got an old engraving of Charlecote which proves conclusively that there was no barrier there as late as 1790; and we also have indirect backing in the fact that the Earl of Warwick had to get an act of Parliament passed before he could put up a barrier at Warwick Castle, which is a step the Lucys have never taken."

The legal adviser, after a pause, asked if Howard rested his case there, and on the Honorable Hubert's replying that he did, the legal adviser instantly withdrew from it. "I don't believe you really want an attorney," he said, "though you'll need one badly enough before you get through."

But they were not at all frightened, and to the American there was something particularly amusing in the idea of destroying a gentleman's private property on the strength of a document issued three hundred years back in the past. I wanted to see what an English householder would do under the circumstances; I could guess how the American householder would act. So it was agreed that I should supply the money to bail them out in case of their being arrested, if they would supply the copies of the order in council and the weapons for the attack. I was also to act as photographer and chronicler of the expedition, and to help enroll two other men. Further than this I refused to strike a blow for the cause of British liberty; but as it turned out we all had to strike several blows.



"MURRAY CLUNG TO THE SLEDGE-HAMMER."

We went down to Stratford third class, with three sledge-hammers and three crowbars in a green-baize cricket-bag, at which the guards would make a grab, and then drop it with a crash upon the platform, with the final conviction, as we drew out of the station, that they had fallen upon a kit of burglar's tools. There were five in the party—Howard and Farmer, T. P. Rogers, the Captain of the Eight, and Murray, all of Balliol College, and myself. There was another man coming, who had been asked chiefly on account of his name, but he overslept himself, and so missed all the glory. Howard tried to get several other titles for the same reason, as he thought he would impress the police; but their owners strangely enough objected, and for the same reason, saying that the police were about the last people they had any desire to impress. We told them they had no sporting blood, and when they read this they will be sorry they did not take the chance we gave them to add further lustre to their ancient and distinguished names. We called ourselves the Sons of Liberty, and when we arrived at Stratford distributed our orders in council from the top of the coach, and left them at the doors of several houses belonging to gentlemen connected with the local government and the Stratford Rowing Club. There was no church on our way to the river, so Howard could not nail one of the orders to its door, and we were in too much of a hurry to wait for him while he addressed the populace.

EXHIBIT "A"—CHARLECOTE HOUSE WITHOUT THE BARRIER.
From an old Engraving.

"Little they know," Howard said, as we pulled away in the boat we had hired at the landing, "as they go idly by, that we are going to strike a blow for their rights and liberties. To them we are merely a party of rowing-men out for a lark, and that bag which is filled with destruction contains nothing more terrible than luncheon."

We all wished that it did contain nothing more terrible than luncheon before we had rowed very far, for the Avon seemed to run up hill, and at places we all had to get overboard to lighten the boat, and to pull her over the shoals, while we stood knee-deep in the water. By two o'clock we had covered five of the seven miles before us, and had eaten and rested at a little village where the innkeeper was very rude to us.

"There again," said Howard, "you see the ingratitude which makes martyrs. The innkeeper doesn't know that we are going to increase his Sunday trade for travellers at least two pounds a week. He thinks we are a lot of vagabonds, and now that I come to look at the rest of you, I don't much blame him. But it is always thus with great reformers. They suffer that others may reap the benefit. To obtain liberty—”

“Oh, look where you are steering us to,” cried Rogers, “and don't talk so much.”

“You're getting rattled, T. P.,” Howard called back cheerfully. “It's not too late to drop out if you choose.”

We were all rather silent. The rich green banks lay level on either side of us, uninhabited save for an occasional fisherman dozing beneath a bunch of willows and for the birds that sang to us across the meadows. And only half a mile ahead we saw a row of great trees and an old water-mill, which, so Farmer explained to us in a whisper as though he was afraid the birds might overhear him, marked our near approach to the Charlecote lands.

“It's only another bend of the river now, and then you can see the barrier yourselves. There will be no one about,” he added, with great indifference; “at least I think not. The barrier is over a quarter of a mile from the house, and the family seldom walk there. We can hack it down and get away again,” he added, reassuringly, “before they know what is going on.”

We all looked more cheerful.

“Let's go on to Warwick and break down that barrier too,” cried Howard. “We might as well make a clean sweep of the river while we're out. What do you think?”

None of us said what we thought. We were rather quiet, all save Howard, whose delight and excitement were rising visibly.

“Now look again, Farmer,” he cried, as the boat swung around the bend; “can you see it from here?” Farmer, who was sitting in the bow, stood up, and the Sons of Liberty rested on their oars and waited. “Yes,” he cried, excitedly, “I can see it; we are almost on it. They've built it up again, and then—oh, I say—” His voice changed and died out so suddenly that we all scrambled to our feet to see for ourselves without waiting for an explanation.

What we saw, two hundred yards ahead of us, was a barrier of iron rods and chains swung between heavy wooden posts that rose three feet above the water-line, and the level turf stretching away from one bank to a thick woods, and from the other to a great mansion. But the turf between the barrier and the house was covered with tents and marquees, and overrun with workmen who were digging and hammering and filling the place with life and movement. Instead of finding our barrier at a deserted bend of the river, hidden by overhanging bushes, we had come upon it apparently in the only populated spot upon the Avon, and we stood silent and dumfounded like criminals caught in a trap. It was Howard who was the first to speak.

“I say,” he exclaimed, delightedly, “we are going to have an audience, aren't we? I must say, Farmer, it was rather civil of you to send them word.”

“They're making ready for an agricultural fair, or a lawn party, or something,” growled Farmer. “How could I know that? What shall we do now?”

“Do?” said Murray. “What do you suppose? We haven't travelled four hours in a third-class compartment, and rowed seven miles up hill, to go back again, have we?”

“Now, then,” cried Howard, clutching the tiller-ropes around him. “Pull up to it in style. Lively, now. Bump her right into it.” They fell back in their places and shot at a racing pace over the last stretch that lay between them and the private water; when they came to the barrier they slowed up, and unshipping their oars, ran the boat up broadside against it. “Make her fast there at both ends,” Howard commanded, standing up and laughing with excitement. “You mustn't land. If you did, they would have us up for trespass. We must attack it from the boat.”

“Wait a minute,” I shouted back; “I want those orders in council put up first.”

“Quite right,” answered Howard. “Farmer, run along the barrier and put one up on that tree where they can see it.”

EXHIBIT “B.”

March 9, 163$\frac{5}{6}$.

ORDER OF THE KING IN COUNCIL.

Sec: Windebank this day acquainted his Majesty, sitting in Council, that Wm. Sandys, of Fladbury, co. Worcester, had undertaken at his own cost to make the river Avon passable from Severn, where that river falls in near Tewkesbury, through counties Worcester, Gloucester, and Warwick, unto or near Coventry, and that he has been already at great charge therein; also that Mr. Sandys intends to make passable a good part of the river Teme lying towards Ludlow, whereby the said counties may be better supplied with wood, iron, and pit coals which they want. It was ordered that commissions should be issued to persons of quality in each of the said counties, authorizing them to see that all persons interested in any lands, soil, mill, or other thing adjoining the rivers aforesaid be reasonably compounded with, and to call before them such persons as shall not be content to accept reasonable recompence for their estates whereof use is necessarily to be made. In such case the Commissioners are to assess such recompence to be given by Sandys as shall be just; and if in a business so well approved by his Majesty the Commissioners find any persons factious or opposing, they are to certify their names to the board that such further order may be taken as shall be just. Lastly the Attorney General is to give his special furtherance in this undertaking.

See Calendar of State Papers.
Edited by Bruce.
Longmans, 1866.

S—on—A Corporation Records. Avon Navigation.

Council Book C. p. 126.—
At a Hall held 9 January 1635.— “At this Hall a Writinge passed under o^{r} Comon Seale unto Wm Sandis esq. testifying o^{r} approbation comendacon and alowance of the makinge of the River of Avon passible for bringinge of Wares from sondrye places to this boroughe of Stratford.”

do p. 200. Hall held 1 Oct. 1641.—“M^{r}. W^{m}. Sandes is to have the Comon Seale to a peticon to be Drawne by Mr Dighton for assistance in his navigacon and for mendinge the highewaies.”

Farmer stepped over the side and on to the barrier, and worked his way along it as a sailor runs out on the bowsprit. When he had reached the bank furthest from the house and from the workmen, he nailed the order in council upon a tree which stood so close to the water's edge that it was used as a support for the barrier. It had all been done in a second of time, but one of the workmen on the estate had seen us coming and had run down to the edge of the bank to meet us.

“You can't go through there, sir,” he called, waving with his hand. “That's private water, sir.”

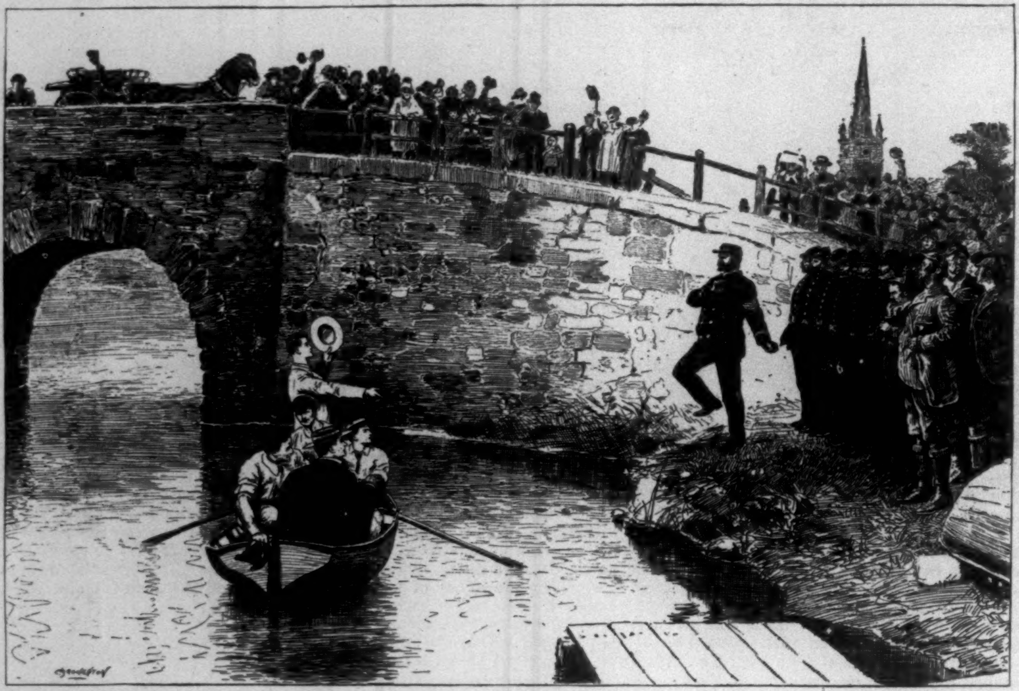
T. P. Rogers was on his knees working at the straps of the cricket-bag; he pulled out the sledge-hammers and held them up, and Howard swung one blindly and struck the lock of the gate that formed the centre of the barrier. The lock rattled, but the gate stood like a stone wall.

“First blood for us,” Howard claimed. “Now, all together!”

The workman dropped his shovel and started on a run towards the house, calling to his mates. Some of them followed him, and others ran down to the water's edge and consulted together in great uncertainty. They were the first persons to show me that day that an Englishman knows when it is not his place to interfere, and that all things, even the resisting of an assault, must be done decently and with due regard for law and order. All of the Sons of Liberty had crowbars or hammers in their hands now, and were striking frantically but impotently at the swinging chains. But as they were doing no possible damage, I advised them to stop until they could pick out the vulnerable point of the barrier, and while they were doing this I photographed them. The picture shows them when this photograph was being taken.

Each of us had an entirely different idea as to how the barrier should be attacked, and we were all shouting at once, and telling each other to “Hit it there, where it joins,” or “Here, give it to me,” or “I'll show you, let me have it,” and “It is no use prying at that, knock it off with the sledge.”

It was most exciting, and as the crowbars struck the iron chains and the sledges rang on the gateway, the sparks flew brilliantly, so that one might have thought they were fighting their way out of prison instead of into a stretch of pretty water. They had changed the soft summer quiet of the Avon into the noisy clangor of a blacksmith shop.



“WE ARRIVED AT THE BRIDGE.”

“How long did it take you to get this thing down last time, Farmer?” Howard gasped between strokes.

“An hour,” said Farmer, who had lost his crowbar overboard, and was holding on to a post to steady the boat.

“An hour!” gasped Howard. “And we have to do it in five minutes.” The Sons of Liberty were not used to sledges or crowbars, and the boat rocked so violently as they swung their bodies for each stroke that the water poured over the sides, and one crowbar after another was jerked out of their hands and shot with a splash to the bottom of the river. The bank was crowded now with workmen and the servants of the Lucy household. A grave young man, who looked as though he might be the agent of the estate, was the first to arrive. He bit his nails and grinned feebly, and then frowned sternly in much indecision. He was followed closely by half a dozen stable-boys in gaiters, and the butler and underservants struggling into their coats as they ran. They all prowled up and down the bank like animals in a cage, not two oars' length from us, or gathered in groups and whispered and laughed nervously. At every second stroke of the flying hammers they turned their heads to look back at the house.

“You fellows had better hurry,” I said. “Somebody's coming soon who means to do something. They're waiting for him.”

There was only one small hammer and a mean little crowbar left to us now, and the four collegians stopped for lack of weapons and gazed hopelessly at the barrier, panting and covered with muddy water and perspiration.

As each hammer or crowbar had disappeared I had called to the boys to jump in after it; but they, in spite of the fact that they were already wet and in dirty cricket flannels that would not have been hurt by a bath, had looked at me scornfully and made no answer. Now that the attack had stopped altogether, I besought them again. But Rogers only growled and asked if I wanted to drown him.

“I thought anybody could swim under water,” I explained.

“Can you?” Rogers demanded.

“Why, yes,” I answered, injudiciously.

“Then pull your clothes off and get over there, quick,” cried Murray, who was the largest of them, “or we will throw you over. Jump now!”

There was at this time about forty people on the bank, and among them a dozen housemaids in white caps, chaperoned by a fat cook who was fanning herself, after her run, with a large checkered apron. I was going that evening to a country house where I knew no one as yet, and was not, in consequence, dressed in shrunken cricket flannels. So for these two reasons I hesitated.

“Come, jump,” said Howard; “you've got to help too.”

Whenever a crowbar had been carried away the crowd on the bank had cheered and jumped up and down with satisfaction, but when I got up and began to pull off my clothes there was an interested silence, and a hasty stampede on the part of the women, whose modesty and desire to see the outcome of the attack on the barrier pulled them both ways. It was very cold in the Avon, and the barrier had caught innumerable branches of trees on their way down stream and had dropped them to the bottom, where they felt to the touch exactly like water-snakes, and suggested man-traps, though why any one should put a man-trap eight feet under water I cannot now imagine, but while I was crawling around feeling for sledge-hammers it seemed the most natural and probable thing for a person to do. I got all of the weapons but one, and as each showed above the water the boys yelled, and the crowd cheered too, as it promised more entertainment for them. Then they hauled me over the side and went at the gate again more carefully, so carefully, indeed, that once, when Murray lost his balance, he, sooner than let the hammer go, let himself go, and the result was that the force of the blow and the hammer's weight pulled him forward, and he hung himself up over the barrier as a horse does over a fence, with the important difference that all of the upper part of Murray's long body was under water while his legs were kicking wildly in the air. We pulled him back again, sputtering and coughing and with green moss and twigs and leaves sticking in his ears and hair, so that he looked like a water-nymph. We were all fighting the gate now, for they had given me a hammer that I might get warm again, and the lock was nearly gone; then two chains fell to the bottom, and the lock broke and the gate swung back, and with a triumphant yell we pulled and pushed our boat head-forward into the private water. We were not a moment too soon, for across the lawn came a galloping cob swinging a dog-cart behind him with three men clinging to its top, and going at such a pace that the cart rocked like a skiff at sea. They were the three largest men I had ever seen. They were dressed in keepers' knickerbockers and velveteen, and of course I, being an American, expected they would begin to shoot as they reached the bank. I supposed from what I had read of game-keepers in Kingsley's novels that they would probably carry shot-guns with sawed-off barrels, such as poachers affect, and while carefully steering the boat into the private water I was wondering how far a shot-gun would carry, and whether sawing off the barrels would not make the shots scatter over a very large surface. Howard, being an Englishman, knew perfectly well that no one would shoot us, so he hailed their approach gayly.

“Now it's getting exciting,” he said. “Shall we stop here and fight 'em, or go on to Warwick and break down the other barrier?”

We admired his spirit very much, but we pointed out that we had established our point by destroying the barricade and entering the private water, and that it was now a case for lawyers to settle. So, in spite of Howard's remonstrances, the boys pulled the boat's head around towards Stratford. The keepers sprang from the cart into a punt, and six of the grooms and servants tumbled in after them, and with a single oar shoved after us in pursuit.

“Let's stop and board them,” said Howard, who was sitting impotently in the bow. But Farmer said to go on, but not to hurry, or they would think we were running away. “Keep the stroke you have got, and talk about the weather,” he said. But our dignified and leisurely departure went for nothing, for the first thing the keepers went for was the order in council. They were evidently not going to attack any one until they had read and digested this brief, and they judged that the piece of paper fluttering on the tree was ours. It served us as the child thrown to the wolves served the men in the sleigh, for by the time the keepers had puzzled it out, and what possible bearing it had on our destruction of their barrier, we had lighted our pipes and drifted gracefully out of sight around the bend.

“Such a lot of muffs I never did see,” said Howard, who was in full mutiny. “Why didn't you row up alongside and bang them with the oars?”

“What's the good?” said Murray. “The barrier's down, isn't it? There were forty of them, and they'd have thrown us in a horse-pond, most likely; and that's not dignified. What's the use of rowing with keepers? 'Tisn't their barrier.”

“Use?” said Howard. “Well, we'd have been arrested for one thing, and I could have made a speech too.”

We lay on our oars and let the boat run with the rapid current, which was now with us, and we felt like patriots and heroes as the people in the occasional villages hurried to the banks to ask if the barrier was down, and on hearing that it was, started off with a shout to tell their neighbors. Then the boats of the Stratford Rowing Club began to appear, and the occupants asked the same question, and said, “That's good,” and laughed at our muddy garments and dripping hair.

“We'll have a grand reception when we get to Stratford,” said Howard, gleefully. "It will be all over the town by that time. Those orders of council we threw out will have stirred up their curiosity."

There was a nice old gentleman fishing from a punt about a mile from Stratford, and he regarded our dishevelled and disreputable appearance as we drifted toward him. "Are you the gentlemen," he inquired, doubtfully, "who went up to Charlecote to destroy the barrier?"

We said that we were. He regarded his bobbing float with interest, and then called after us, without raising his head:

"They're waiting to give you a reception at the bridge. They will be glad to see you."

"Do you hear that?" asked Howard, triumphantly.

There was something about the nice old gentleman's manner that I did not fancy, and I said I thought we had much better tie the boat up to a tree and make a run across country until we struck a railroad station. "We can telegraph the man where his boat is," I said, "and send the money by mail. I don't want a reception."

But Howard would not hear of it. "Why, that's the best part; that's our reward," he remonstrated.

"He wants to address the populace," said Farmer. "Let him alone." The bridge was black with people, and many more were grouped along the wharf and far up the bank.

"There must be a boat-race on," I suggested, "and they're waiting for the finish."

"They're waiting for us!" shouted Howard, as we turned the last bend. "Isn't it glorious?" he chuckled.

But Farmer, who was pulling bow and looking over his shoulder, suddenly threw himself forward on his oar. "Stop—back her!" he shouted. "Look at the police!"

The entire constabulary force of Stratford was gathered in brave array at the edge of the water, with an inspector at their head, and our friends the game-keepers and the nervous agent drawn up beside them. A cob, smothered with lather and with heaving sides, was standing on the bridge hitched to a dog-cart, and told the story.

"They've beaten us," said Howard. "If we had rowed instead of drifting, we should have won easily."

We paddled up to the wharf, and the crowd on the bridge cheered. Howard stood up and took off his cap to the inspector. "Are you going to arrest us, Mr. Policeman?" he asked.

"We are," said that dignitary.

"Then we must ask you to stand just as you are for a minute until we photograph you. I have never been arrested, and I must have the pictures of the men who do it as souvenirs. Move up close," he said to us over his shoulder, "so that Davis can get a good focus; but don't get too close," he added, hastily, "or they'll grab us with a boat-hook."

We snapped the shutter at them several times from a safe distance, much to their disgust, but to the delight of the crowd, in whose eyes we were martyrs. The attitude of the inspector was strongly suggestive of an old hen on a bank worrying over young ducklings in the water.

"Are you coming out to us, sir," said Howard, "or do we have to come in to you?"

"Come, now, no nonsense," said the inspector; "we've been here long enough." So we ran the boat to the bank and gave ourselves up. The inspector and the agent whispered together and the game-keeper pointed at each of us.

"All of them?" said the inspector.

"All of them," repeated the agent.

My hopes of reaching the country house at which I was promised began to grow infinitesimally small, and I fingered nervously at the bail-money in my pocket. "You are not a Stratford man?" said the inspector to Howard.

Howard replied in a very loud tone that he was not, but that that made no difference, as the liberties and rights of the people of Stratford were as dear to him as though he had always lived among them. The men in the back of the crowd said "'ear! 'ear!" at this, and some boys on the bridge who were too far off to know what was going on leaned over the railing and shouted "Hoorar." The inspector frowned angrily and took out an imposing-looking blank book.

"Where do you live?" he asked, "if you live anywhere, and what's your name?" Howard gave his name, and Balliol College, Oxford, as his address. The reporters, who were looking over the inspector's shoulder as he wrote, whispered to him eagerly at this, and he stared at Howard's muddy garments and disreputable appearance and shook his head.

"This gentleman says that you're the son of Such a Person. Is that so?" he asked.

"Well, what if it is?" said Howard. "I say," he went on, eagerly turning to us, "this is my chance, isn't it; now I will address the populace." There was a broad row-boat turned bottom up, and Howard sprang on that and waved his hat at the crowd. "Gentlemen," he said, "the inspector has shown surprise that we should come all the way from Oxford to break down a barrier. We would go twice as far for as good a purpose. This gentleman without any shoes on has come all the way from America to do it, and we are glad and proud of what we have done. We are going to fight this case from court to court until it reaches the House of Lords, and then," he said, suddenly running up to the keeper and patting him on his broad chest, to which Howard's hand could just reach, "this keeper and I will walk up hand in hand to the bar of the House together and settle this thing between us."

The crowd cheered, and we applauded, and everybody laughed except the keeper, who was so overcome with the idea of walking hand in hand with a peer's son to the very bar of the House of Lords that he could only grin helplessly and rub one knickerbockered leg against the other. Then the inspector took the other names, and as T. P. was Captain of the Eight and a very famous man indeed, and as each man save myself gave Balliol College, Oxford, as his address, the crowd continued to laugh and cheer, and the inspector to look worried and confused.

"It certainly is a queer lark for gentlemen like you," he remonstrated, resentfully, "to come all that way just to break the peace—and dressed like that, too!" he added, as if that were criminal enough in itself.

The agent seemed to regret having mustered such a show of force, and assured us with infinite politeness that our names and not our persons would be quite sufficient for his purpose. So he and the keepers drove off in the cart, and the towns-people took us to the Red Lion, where they gave us things to drink and made us fine speeches, and organized committees to take up subscriptions and to fight our case.

That ends this famous story, which tells how William Shakespeare was avenged, and the liberties of the Stratford Boating Club recognized. But I grieve to relate that after I left England Farmer was summoned to appear before the High Court, where our order in council and our engraving of the Charlecote estate *without* the barrier made no impression whatsoever, strange as it may appear, upon the judges, who smiled our attorney out of court, and made us pay ten pounds each for sacrificing ourselves upon the altar of liberty. And this in spite of the assurances from all parts of the country which we had received by telegraph and through the papers that we had done well.

But the cruelest cut of all, perhaps, is that in Oxford, where this great movement of reform originated, there are some who say that it was not for the sacred cause of liberty that we broke down the barrier, but in a trivial spirit of adventure. And thus are the motives of all great reformers misunderstood.

ILL-TREATING A GHOST.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.—ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

He was a queer-looking fellow. His hair was fiery red, and stuck out in ragged wisps under the rim of his slouched hat. His shaggy red eyebrows hung bristling over a pair of cold steely gray eyes that seemed to swim in moisture. His nose had evidently been broken, and that very badly, for it was a shapeless mass. His beard, like his hair, was brilliant, and it looked as if it had never known a comb. His face was deathly pale, and his gaze was fixed straight ahead. His hands were clasped loosely behind the tails of his threadbare brown coat, and he had a large green handkerchief wound around his neck.

The skipper sat watching him as he passed gravely down the street. Then he shook his head, shuddered as if he had a chill, and said, "S'posin' I was to ax you fur a glass o' suthin' hot?"

"I think I could arrange it," said Mr. Bosee.

"Thankee kindly," said the skipper. "Ye see, I've ben kind o' friz up by wot I've seed."

"Do you mean the man that went down the street?"

"Did you see him?"

"Certainly I saw him. He looked as if he might have an interesting story, if the man who knew it could tell it."

"An' who are a-sayin' that I can't tell it?"

"Well, all I know is that you've been sailing-master of my yacht all summer, that you look like the setting sun, and wear brass barrel hoops in your ears, like a South Sea Islander, and you've never told me a yarn yet."

"Waal, Mr. Bosee, all I got to say are that a sailor-man wot don't tell no yarn are a werry good pusson fur to let alone; 'cos *ef* he starts, there's no tellin' w'ere he'll stop.

"It were him," continued the skipper, musingly, as he sipped his "suthin' hot"—"it were him sure. Now I wonder wot do he want here?"

"Who is he?" asked Mr. Bosee.

"Well, it are consid'able of a tale, it are; an' then, w'en it are all done, ye don't know who he are no more nor I do, w'ich the same I were shipmates with him; leastways he were my passenger fur three weeks."

"Oh, tell me about it!"

"That are edzackly wot I'm a-preparin' fur to do. O' course we'll have a gale o' wind inside o' twenty-four hours; 'cos w'y, he allus are bound to bring bad luck. It were w'en I were master o' the brigantine *Flyin'-Squirrel* that I got, as ye might say, acquainted with that 'ere individooal wot have jes passed by. I can't say as acquainted are edzactly the word, 'cos nobody can't never get to know no sich persons as them. 'Cos why, he are not a livin' bein'."

"A ghost?" exclaimed Mr. Bosee.

"Jes as sure as a flyin'-fish are not a monkey," said the skipper, gravely. "Jes listen to this 'ere yarn wot I'm a-goin' fur to tell ye, an' see ef any livin' bein' could 'a' behaved the way that 'ere critter did aboard my brigantine. The *Flyin'-Squirrel* were bound from St. John to Greenock, with a cargo o' carpet-tacks an' bottled beer. We got under way with as fine a wholesail breeze over the port quarter as I ever seed, an' I laid a good course fur our destination. We bowled along at a 'leven-knot gait fur about twenty hours out o' the fust day, an' then she fell calm. It were a mean, measly calm, with a cross-grained, hump-backed swell that rolled us scuppers under an' made the masts snap like whips. An' hot! My eye! W'y, the werry water wot run in through the scuppers 'd go up in steam off the decks. Well, at noon I got the sun, an' found we'd made two hundred and fourteen miles, so I wasn't so werry mad about the calm, purwidin' it weren't goin' to last long. Sure 'nuff, about four bells in the afternoon watch—wot shore folks calls two o'clock fur short—I seed a blue-black cloud a-risin' in the sou'west, an' sez I to myself, sez I, 'We're a-goin' fur to have all the wind we wants.' So I had all the fore-an'-aft canvas taken in, an' put the brigantine under her fore-tops'l an' a storm-jib. I hadn't no more'n got this done than down it come all a-whoopin', rain fust an' wind—gallons of 't—behind. I jumped below into my cabin to get my oilers, an' in the far corner I seed a man sittin'. I thought it were the steward, an' I shouts at him, 'Git forrard out o' that, ye lubber, an' don't be a-luxooriatin' in here!' With that I bounces on deck agin, 'cos 'twarn't no kind o' time fur the skipper to be buggaluggin' aroun' down below.

"Well, I ain't goin' fur to detain ye with no account o' that squall, 'cos one squall at sea are werry much like another, 'ceptin' that the one you're in are allus wuss than them wot ye remembers. Howsumever, that ain't got nothin' to do with this 'ere yarn wot I'm a-tellin' you. As soon as it were over, I told the mate to put cloth on her, an' then I went below to git a dry pair o' boots an' to fill my pipe. As soon as I went into the cabin I seed that feller still a-sittin' there. I walked right up to him, an' then I seed it weren't the steward. It were that critter wot preambleated down this 'ere identical street not more'n ten minutes ago."

The skipper paused to note the effect of this statement on his listener, and finding it satisfactory, continued:

"'Who 'n Jerusalem are you?' sez I to him, sez I.

"'Wot's that to you?' sez he to me, sez he.

"'A good deal,' sez I, kinder flabbergasted by his answer, 'seein' as how I are the skipper o' this 'ere craft.'

"'Oh,' sez he, 'you're the skipper, eh? Well, I are a-goin' to Greenock with you.'

"'But,' sez I, stammerin' in my supprise, 'we don't take no passengers aboard this 'ere brig.'

"'You're a-takin' me,' sez he, grinnin'; 'an' as you was two hundred and fourteen miles out at noon, I don't see how you kin put me ashore.'

"'H-h-how 'n bloomin' fun 'd ye git here?' I axed him.

"'Oh, never mind,' sez he; 'here I are, an' I got money to pay fur my passidge. How much?'

"Well, I were so kerflummuxed that I jes up an' sez that I'd take him fur fifty dollars.

"'How'll ye have 't?' sez he to me, sez he—'in big bills, little bills, er silwer?'

"'I'll take 't in gold, ef it's all the same to you,' sez I to him, sez I, jes like that, bein' a little mad now.

"Well, blow me fur pickles ef he didn't jes reach out an empty hand an' get two twenty-dollar gold pieces an' a ten right out o' the air!

"'There's yer money,' sez he to me, a-smilin' like a dried mermaid in a mooseum. An' I were so sillified that I couldn't say a bloomin' word.

"'Wot's yer name?' sez I to him, sez I, a-bracin' up arter a while like a ship wot's bin knocked down by a squall.

"'Well,' sez he to me, sez he, 'they used to call me Horatio B. Smiggs, an' I s'pose it ain't furbid fur me to use that there same name now,' sez he, jes like that, me bein' the cap'n o' the brigantine, an' him a red-headed critter a-sittin' onto a locker.

"So I dooly entered him as a passinger tuk aboard at St. John; 'cos why, nobody would 'a' b'lieved me ef I'd said he come aboard out there in latitood an' longitood. I were pooty consid'able hungry by this time, an' the steward comin' in with my dinner, I axed the new passinger to jine me in a social bite. 'No, thankee,' sez he to me: 'I never eat.'

"An' with that he gits up an' goes on deck. I knowed the crew would be a-puzzlin' their bloomin' brains about him, an' I knowed how ready sailors was to be sooperstigious. So I bolted my dinner an' went on deck. Sure enough, there were Horatio B. Smiggs a-walkin' up an' down the port side o' the quarter-deck, an' the han's forrard a-p'intin' at him an' lookin' werry curious. So I jes sez to the mate, sez I, 'This 'ere gen'leman's Mr. Smiggs, a passinger wot come aboard jes afore we sot sail.'

"'No, I didn't,' sez he; 'I come aboard jes afore that squall busted on ye. Cap'n, ye hadn't ort to go fur to deceive an honest man like your mate.'

"Waal, wot 'n goodness blue could I say? The mate looked scared, an' one o' the men wot were at the w'eel an' heerd the conversationin' looked scareder. So I jes winked at the mate an' tapped my head, meanin' to indicify that the passinger were crazy. Blow me fur pickles ef he didn't seem to see me, though his back were turned, for he wheeled around, winked at the mate, an' sez he: 'Don't you b'lieve him. I'm not crazy; I'm dead.' An' then he laughs fit to bust hisself. I tell you he give me cold shivers all down my back. An' he scared the other men too. It weren't an hour later w'en I heard one o' them a-sayin' to another, 'There won't be nothin' but bad luck on this 'ere v'yage, 'cos we got a spook aboard.'

"Well," continued the skipper, after a momentary pause, "at four bells in the fust watch—wot shore folks calls ten o'clock at night—I heard a fearful yell on deck an' a splash in the water, follered by the cry o' 'man overboard.' I jumped on deck jes in time to see somethin' a-slippin' away astern. Quick as I could I had the brigantine brought to an' a boat lowered away. Meantime I'd learned that it were my bloomin' passinger. He'd bin walkin' on the rail, an' dancin' jigs there, an' gin'rally scarin' the crew; but all on a suddint he slipped an' went over. I tuk command o' the boat myself, an' away we went. Of course I were sure he'd be sunk long afore we could git to him. 'But by the great horn spoon! D'ye think ye kin drown a dizzy ghost? Not much. Pooty soon we hears him a-singin':

"'Sittin' on the ocean,
Underneath the stars,
Waitin' fur a boat that's
Rowed by jolly tars.'

"Sure 'nuff, w'en we come up to him he were actooally a-sittin' on the ocean, with his feet hangin' over—or I ort to say under—an' a-smokin' a pipe wot smelled like brimstone.

"'How are ye, cap'n?' he sez. 'I've gone an' got my feet wet, an' now I s'pose I'll have rheumatiz agin.'

"He climbed into the boat an' sot down alongside o' me, an' blow me fur pickles ef he weren't as dry as a hot biscuit, w'ich the same your cook makes better'n any one on 'arth. Thankee kindly, sir; since you're so pressin', I will eat one w'en I've finished tellin' this 'ere yarn. Well, arter that there weren't no doin' nothin' with the crew at all. I heerd one on 'em a-sayin' to another, 'We're gone an' got a Jonah aboard, an' we can't do no good throwin' him overboard, 'cos w'y, he won't git drownded ef we do.' Then the other sailor-man he sez, sez he: 'Wot kin we do? We kin jes go ahead an' work the ship into port as fast as ever we kin, an' that's all as we kin do,' sez he, jes like that. As fur me, I jes took Horatio B. Smiggs down in the cabin, an' sez I to him, sez I,

"'See here; ef you jump overboard agin, I'll sail right on an' leave you.'

"'Leave an' be blowed!' sez he; 'd'ye think there ain't no other wessel a-sailin' this 'ere ocean 'ceptin' yours? I reckon I kin git another passidge.'

"'Then I jes wish you'd go an' do 't,' sez I.

"'Oh, I'm werry comf'table right 'ere,' sez he.

"An' of course that settled it, an' I had to let him stay. He didn't make no more trouble till midnight. Then I were woke up by a great flappin' o' canvas, an' I knowed the brigantine were up in the wind. I jumped up an' went on deck. Fust thing I see were the man at the wheel, w'ich the same he were not at the wheel, but were hidin' behind the lee side o' the cabin.

"'Wot's up, mate?' sez I.

"'Ugh-h-hoo-hoo! Loo-oo-ook!' sez he, p'intin'.

"Well, I looked, an' there were that bloomin' passinger a-walkin' up an' down the middle o' the deck, an' walkin' right straight through the masts without seemin' to notice they was there. I went up to him an' sez I to him, sez I:

"'Look here, wot sort o' conduck do you call this?'

"'W'y,' sez he to me, sez he, 'it's the right sort. I'm a ghost, an' its arter midnight, so it's my business to walk.'

"'Yes,' sez I, 'but ye don't need to walk right through the masts that way an' scare the crew.'

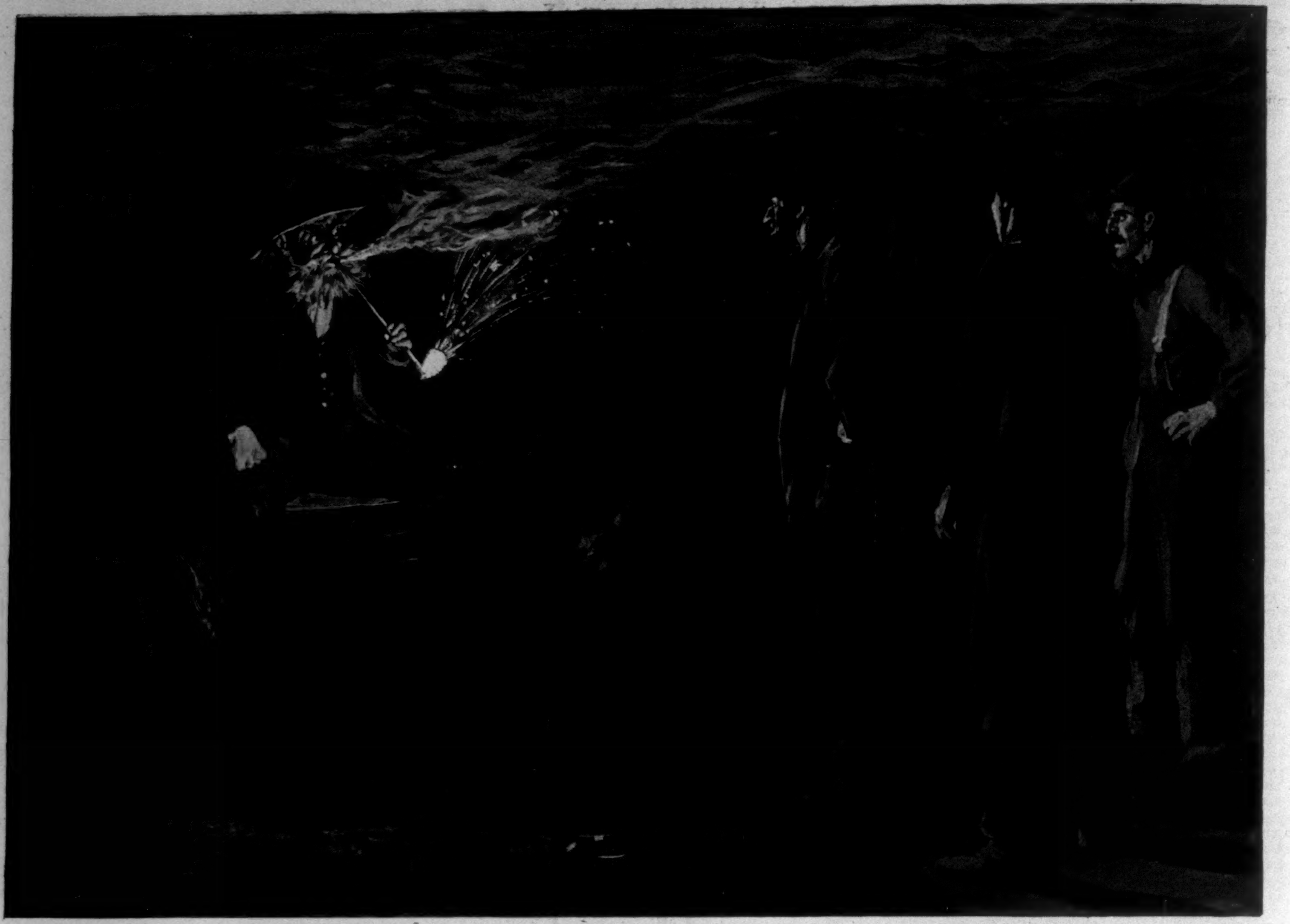
"'I don't care who gets scared. Ghosts never do,' sez he.

"'Werry good,' sez I; 'then your walk are a-goin' fur to end right here.'

"With that I made a grab an' got hold o' his green silk neckerchief. He squealed an' pulled an' tried to git away, but 'twarn't no good. I jes yanked him down into the hold, an' tied him to a ring-bolt by his own necktie; an' then I sez to him, sez I, 'Good-night, sleep tight, an' don't let the rats bite.' Then I went back to my cabin an' turned in. I hadn't slep' more'n an hour w'en I were woke up agin, an' it were by the most terrifyin' o' all cries at sea—'Fire! fire!'

"Well, I were on deck in less 'n a second, an' givin' orders to man the pumps an' do other things. Then I seed that the smoke were comin' right out o' the main hatch, an' I remembered that Smiggs were down in the hold. I s'pected that he were at the bottom o' the trouble, so callin' to a hand to follow me, I jumps down. Well, blow me fur a salt mackerel ef that bloomin' Smiggs weren't sittin' there a-smokin' a great big pipe. The pipe were red-hot, an' Smiggs's eyes were a-blazin' like two hot coals; an', my lands! but you'd ort to seen the clouds an' clouds o' hot yallerish smoke wot was a-comin' out o' that 'ere pipe!"

"'Say, Mr. H. B. Smiggs,' sez I, 'this 'ere's a-goin' too fur.'



"'FUST YOU SHUT ME UP, AN' THEN YOU MAKE A ROW 'COS I SMOKES. IT'S TOUGH.'"

"'What's the matter now?' sez he. 'Fust you shut me up, an' then you make a row 'cos I smokes. It's tough, that's wot it is. I'm a respectable, peace-lovin' ghost, an' all I axes are to be let alone.'

"Well, some o' the men had follered me down, an' they was pooty mad. 'Kill him!' yells one. 'Ye can't,' sez another. 'I'll have a hack at him anyhow,' says number one, an' afore I knowed wot were the matter he hauled off an' smashed the ghost in the face. Well, it knocked Horatio B. Smiggs agin the side o' the brigantine, an' blow me ef he didn't laff, an' go right on through into the water, leavin' a hole six feet high. O' course the water come a-rushin' in, an' we all hurried on deck to take to the boats, fur we knowed the brigantine would go down in a werry few minutes. It were a nice how de do to be wrecked four hundred mile from shore by a bloomin' ghost wot were not inwited aboard, but there we was. We'd hardly got a few needfuls chucked into the long-boat an' got her lowered away w'en the *Flyin'-Squirrel* gives a lurch an' goes down slowly, her bow settlin' first. An' then what d'ye think happened?"

"What?" asked Mr. Bosee.

"That 'ere measly spook appeared sittin' on the main truck, smokin' his pipe an' laffin' fit to bust hisself.

"'Ye'll ill-treat a ghost, will ye?' he yells. 'Next time ye git one aboard ye'd better take good care o' him. Wheeee-oop! Here we go down, down, downy!'

"An' with that him an' the brigantine sank out o' sight, an' I never seed him agin till I seed him a-goin' down that 'ere blessed street half an hour ago."

Mr. Bosee gazed down the street with the deepest interest.

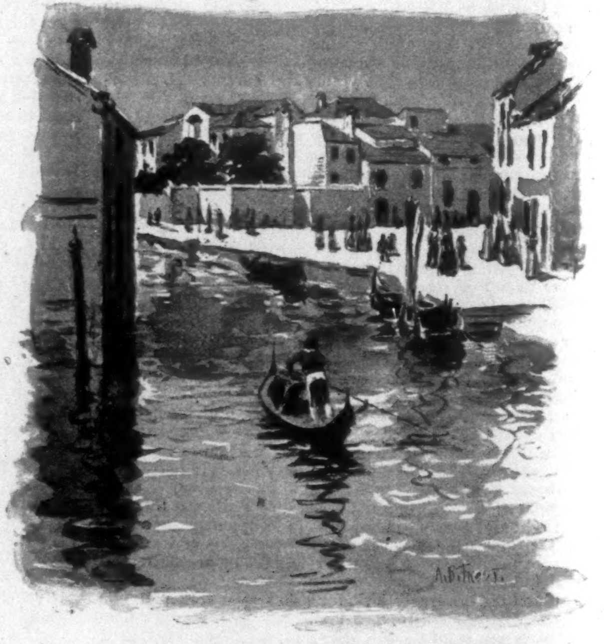
THE LITERARY REMAINS OF THOMAS BRAGDON.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.—ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

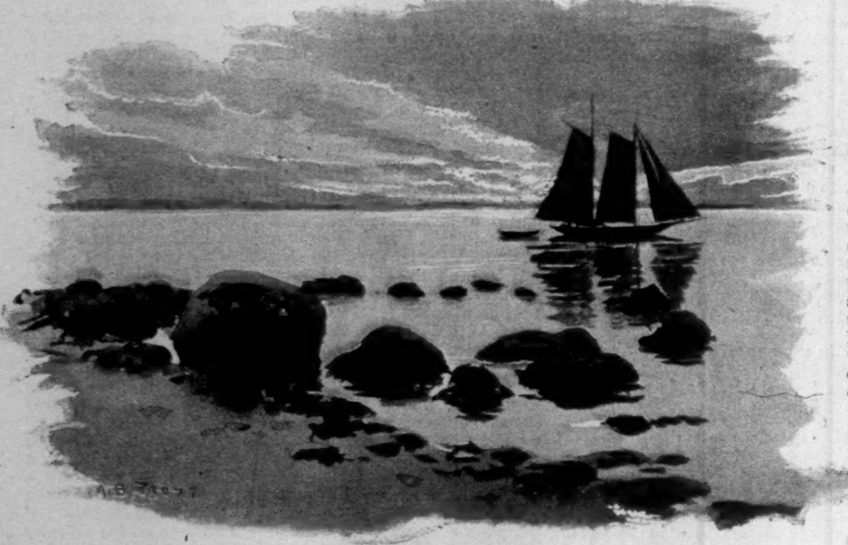
I WAS much pained one morning last winter on picking up a copy of the *Times* to note therein the announcement of the death of my friend Tom Bragdon, from a sudden attack of la grippe. The news stunned me. It was like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, for I had not even heard that Tom was ill; indeed, we had parted not more than four days previously after a luncheon together, at which it was I who was the object of his sympathy because a severe cold prevented my enjoyment of the whitebait, the fillet, the cigar, and indeed of everything, not even excepting Bragdon's conversation, which upon that occasion should have seemed more than usually enlivening, since he was in one of his most exuberant moods. His last words to me were, "Take care of yourself, Phil! I should hate to have you die, for force of habit is so strong with me that I shall forever continue to lunch with none but you, ordering two portions of everything, which I am sure I could not eat, and how wasteful that would be!" And now he had passed over the threshold into the valley, and I was left to mourn.

I had known Bragdon as a successful commission merchant for some ten or fifteen years, during which period of time we had been more or less intimate, particularly so in the last five years of his life, when we were drawn more closely together; I, attracted by the absolute genuineness of his character, his delightful fancy, and to my mind wonderful originality, for I never knew another like him; he, possibly by the fact that I was one of the very few who could entirely understand him, could sympathize with his peculiarities, which were many, and was always ready to enter into any one of his odd moods, and with quite as much spirit as he himself should display. It was an ideal friendship.

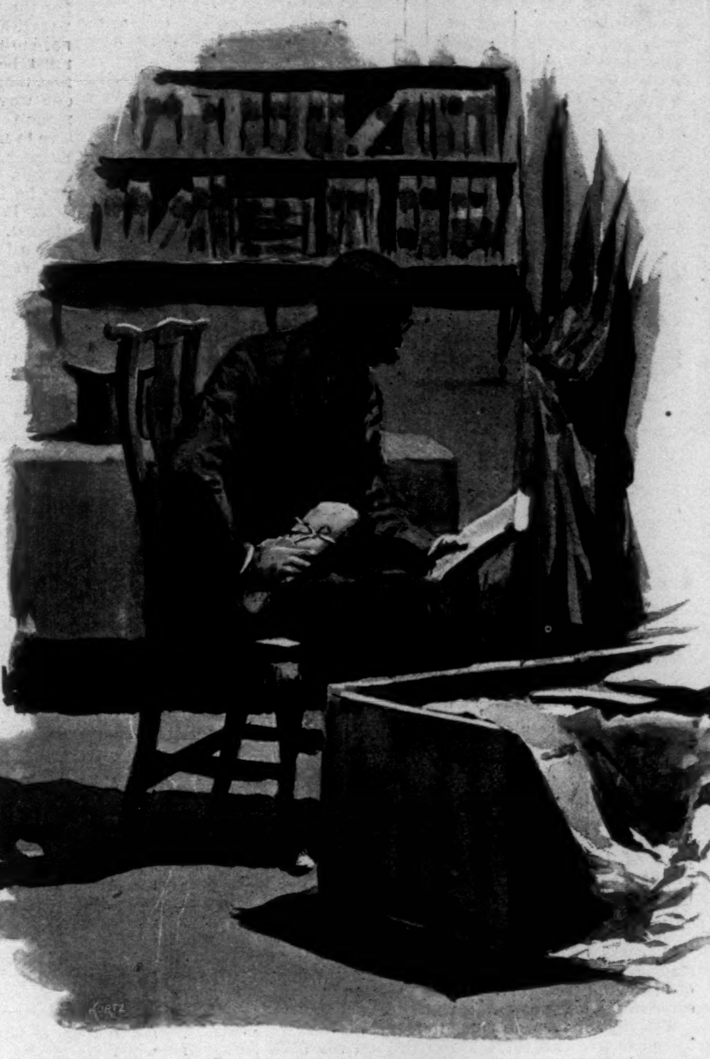
It had been our custom every summer to take what Bragdon called spirit trips together—that is to say, along early in the spring-time Bragdon and I would choose some out-of-the-way corner of the world for exploration; we would each read up all that we could find out concerning the chosen locality, and then in August, boarding a small schooner-rigged boat belonging to Bragdon, we would cruise about the Long Island Sound or sail up and down the Hudson River for a week, and then, tabooing all other subjects, tell each other all that we had been able to discover concerning the place we had decided upon for our imaginary visit. In this way we became tolerably familiar with several places of interest which neither of us had ever visited, and which, in my case, financial limitations, and in Bragdon's, lack of time, were likely always to prevent our seeing. As I remember the matter, this plan was Bragdon's own, and its first suggestion by him was received by me with a smile of derision; but the quaintness of the idea in time won me



MORE DELIGHTFUL THAN THE REALITY.



ON A SPIRIT TRIP.



"BUT FINALLY I NERVED MYSELF UP TO THE DUTY THAT HAD DEVOLVED UPON ME, AND OPENED THE BOX."

over, and after the first trial, when we made a spirit trip to Beloochistan, I was so fascinated by my experience that I eagerly looked forward to a second in the series, and was always thereafter only too glad to bear my share of the trouble and expense of our annual journeyings. In this manner we had practically circumnavigated this world and one or two of the planets; for, content as we were to visit unseen countries in spirit only, we were never hampered by the ordinary limitations of travel, and where books failed to supply us with information, the imagination was called into play. The universe was open to us at the expense of a captain for our sharpy, canned provisions for a week, and a moderate consumption of gray matter in the conjuring up of scenes with which neither ourselves nor others were familiar. The trips were refreshing always, and in the case of our first journey through Italy, which at that time neither of us had visited, but which I have since had the good fortune to see in the fulness of her beauty, I found it to be far more delightful than the reality.

"We'll go in," said Bragdon, when he proposed the Italian tour, "by the St. Gothard route, the description of which I will prepare in detail myself. You can take the lakes, rounding up with Como. I will follow with the trip from Como to Milan, and Milan shall be my care. You can do Verona and Padua; I Venice. Then we can both try our hands at Rome and Naples; in the latter place, to save time, I will take Pompeii, you Capri. Thence we can hark back to Rome, thence to Pisa, Geneva, and Turin, giving a day to Siena and some of the quaint Etruscan towns, passing out by the Mont Cenis route from Turin to Genoa. If you choose you can take a run along the Riviera and visit Monte Carlo. For my own part, though, I'd prefer not to do that, because it brings a sensational element into the trip which I don't particularly care for. You'd have to gamble, and if your imagination is to have full play you ought to lose all your money, contemplate suicide, and all that. I don't think the results would be worth the mental strain you'd have to go through, and I certainly should not enjoy hearing about it. The rest of the trip, though, we can do easily in five days, which will leave us two for fishing, if we feel so disposed. They say the blue-fish are biting like the devil this year."

I regret now that we did not include a stenographer among the necessaries of our spirit trips, for, as I look back upon that Italian tour, it was well worthy of preservation in book form, particularly Bragdon's contributions, which were so delightfully imaginative that I cannot but rejoice that he did not live to visit the scenes of which he so eloquently spoke to me upon that occasion. The reality, I fear, would have been a sore disappointment to him, particularly in relation to Venice, concerning which his notions were vaguely suggestive of an earthly floating paradise.

"Ah, Philip," he said, as we cast anchor one night in a little inlet near Milford, Connecticut, "I shall never forget Venice. This," he added, waving his hand over the silvery surface of the moonlit water—"this reminds me of it. All is so still, so romantic, so beautiful. I arrived late at night, and my first sensations were those of a man who has entered a city of the dead. The bustle, the noise and clatter, of a great city were absent; nothing was there but the massive buildings rising up out of the still, peaceful waters like gigantic tombs, and as my gondolier guided the sombre black craft to which I had confided my safety and that of my valise, gliding in and out along those dark unlit streams, a great wave of melancholy swept over me, and then, passing from the minor streets into the Grand Canal, the melancholy was dispelled by the brilliant scene that met my eyes—great floods of light coming from everywhere, the brilliance of each ray re-enforced by its reflection in the silent river over which I was speeding. It was like a glimpse of paradise, and when I reached my palace I was loath to leave the gondola, for I really felt as though I could glide along in that way through all eternity."

"You lived in a palace in Venice?" I asked, somewhat amused at the magnificence of this imaginary tour.

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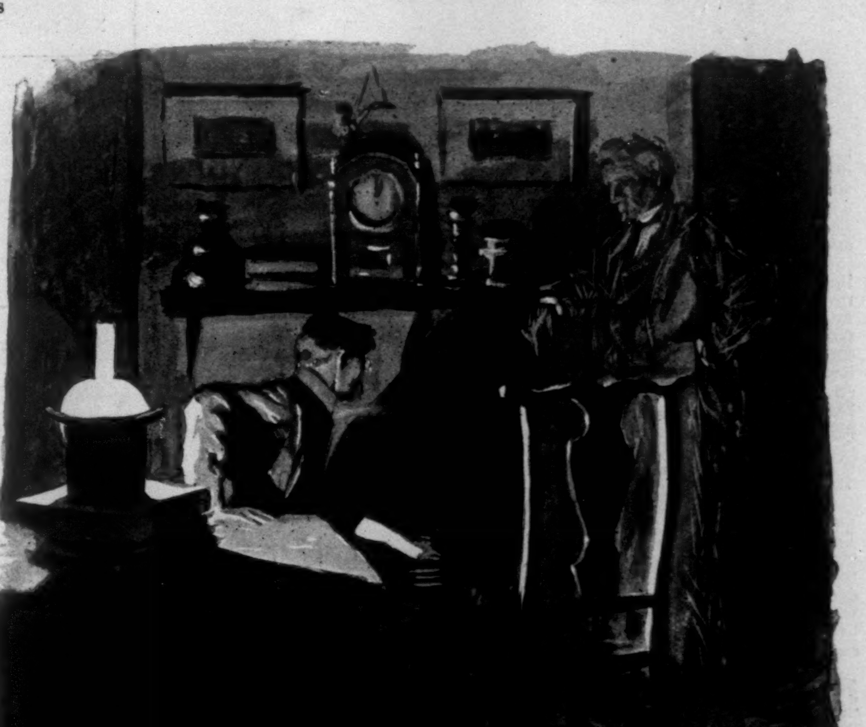
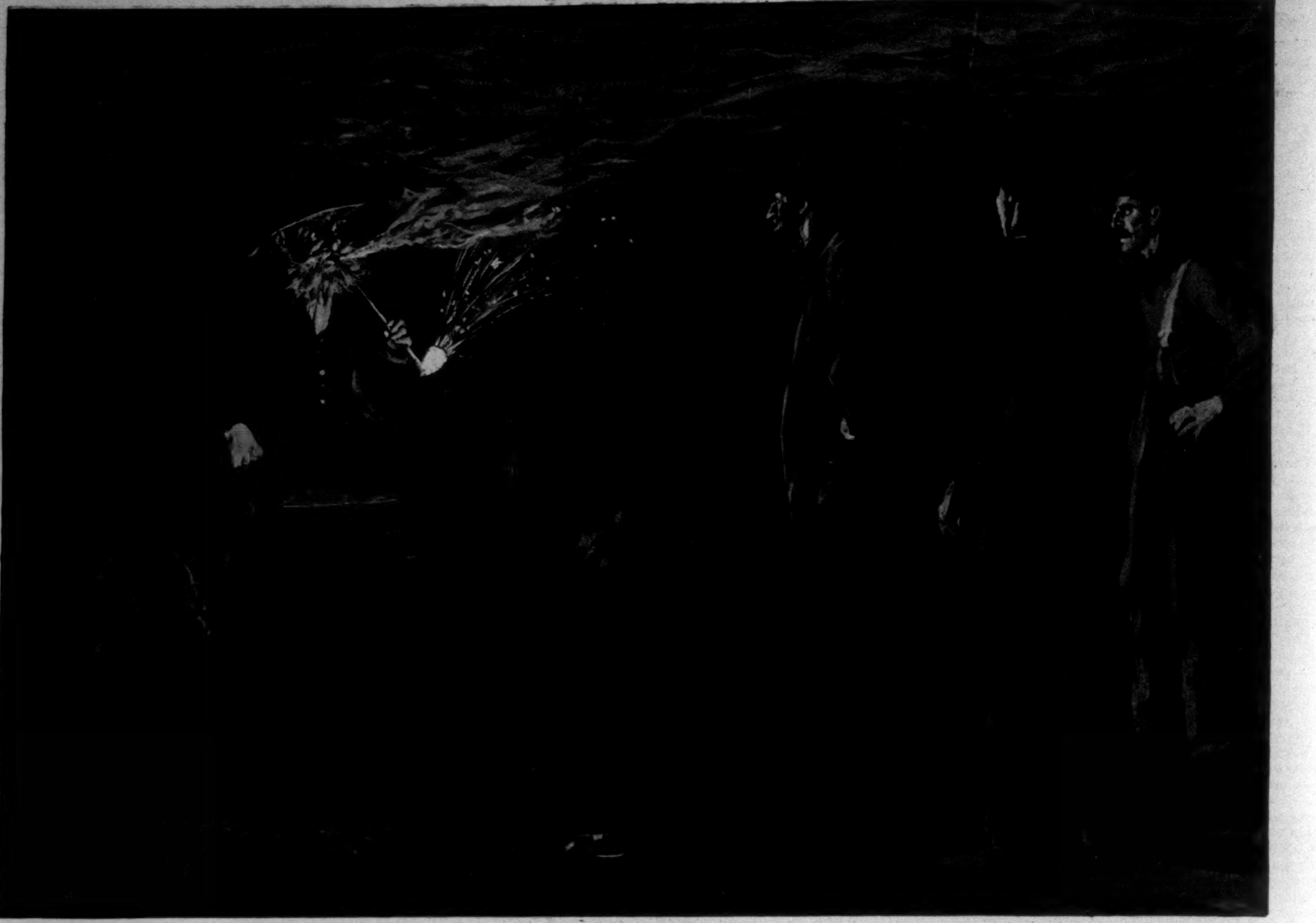


"THERE, LEANING AGAINST THE MANTEL AND GAZING SADLY INTO THE FIRE, WAS TOM BRAGDON HIMSELF."



"'FUST YOU SHUT ME UP, AN' THEN YOU MAKE A ROW 'COS I SMOKES. IT'S TOUGH.'"

"'What's the matter now?' sez he. 'Fust you shut me up, an' then you make a row 'cos I smokes. It's tough, that's wot it is. I'm a respectable, peace-lovin' ghost, an' all I axes are to be let alone.'

"Well, some o' the men had follered me down, an' they was pooty mad. 'Kill him!' yells one. 'Ye can't,' sez another. 'I'll have a hack at him anyhow,' says number one, an' afore I knowed wot were the matter he hauled off an' smashed the ghost in the face. Well, it knocked Horatio B. Smiggs agin the side o' the brigantine, an' blow me ef he didn't laff, an' go right on through into the water, leavin' a hole six feet high. O' course the water come a-rushin' in, an' we all hurried on deck to take to the boats, fur we knowed the brigantine would go down in a werry few minutes. It were a nice how de do to be wrecked four hundred mile from shore by a bloomin' ghost wot were not inwited aboard, but there we was. We'd hardly got a few needfuls chucked into the long-boat an' got her lowered away w'en the *Flyin'-Squirrel* gives a lurch an' goes down slowly, her bow settlin' first. An' then what d'ye think happened?"

"What?" asked Mr. Bosee.

"That 'ere measly spook appeared sittin' on the main truck, smokin' his pipe an' laffin' fit to bust hisself.

"'Ye'll ill-treat a ghost, will ye?' he yells. 'Next time ye git one aboard ye'd better take good care o' him. Whee-ee-oop! Here we go down, down, downy!'

"An' with that him an' the brigantine sank out o' sight, an' I never seed him agin till I seed him a-goin' down that 'ere blessed street half an hour ago."

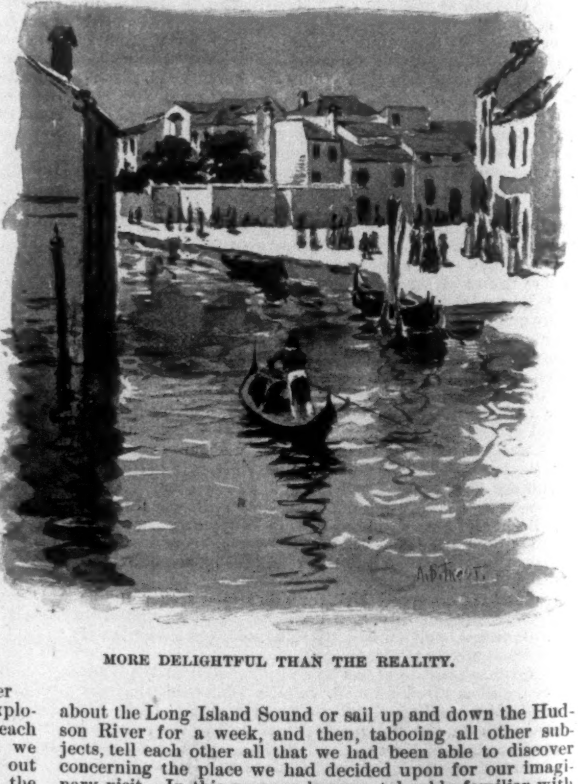
Mr. Bosee gazed down the street with the deepest interest.

THE LITERARY REMAINS OF THOMAS BRAGDON.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.—ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

I WAS much pained one morning last winter on picking up a copy of the *Times* to note therein the announcement of the death of my friend Tom Bragdon, from a sudden attack of la grippe. The news stunned me. It was like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, for I had not even heard that Tom was ill; indeed, we had parted not more than four days previously after a luncheon together, at which it was I who was the object of his sympathy because a severe cold prevented my enjoyment of the whitebait, the fillet, the cigar, and indeed of everything, not even excepting Bragdon's conversation, which upon that occasion should have seemed more than usually enlivening, since he was in one of his most exuberant moods. His last words to me were, "Take care of yourself, Phil! I should hate to have you die, for force of habit is so strong with me that I shall forever continue to lunch with none but you, ordering two portions of everything, which I am sure I could not eat, and how wasteful that would be!" And now he had passed over the threshold into the valley, and I was left to mourn.

I had known Bragdon as a successful commission merchant for some ten or fifteen years, during which period of time we had been more or less intimate, particularly so in the last five years of his life, when we were drawn more closely together; I, attracted by the absolute genuineness of his character, his delightful fancy, and to my mind wonderful originality, for I never knew another like him; he, possibly by the fact that I was one of the very few who could entirely understand him, could sympathize with his peculiarities, which were many, and was always ready to enter into any one of his odd moods, and with quite as much spirit as he himself should display. It was an ideal friendship.



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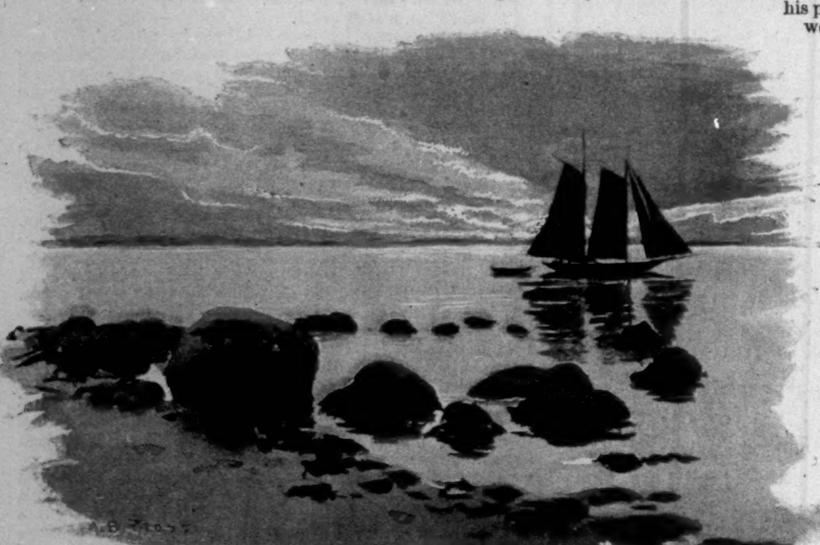
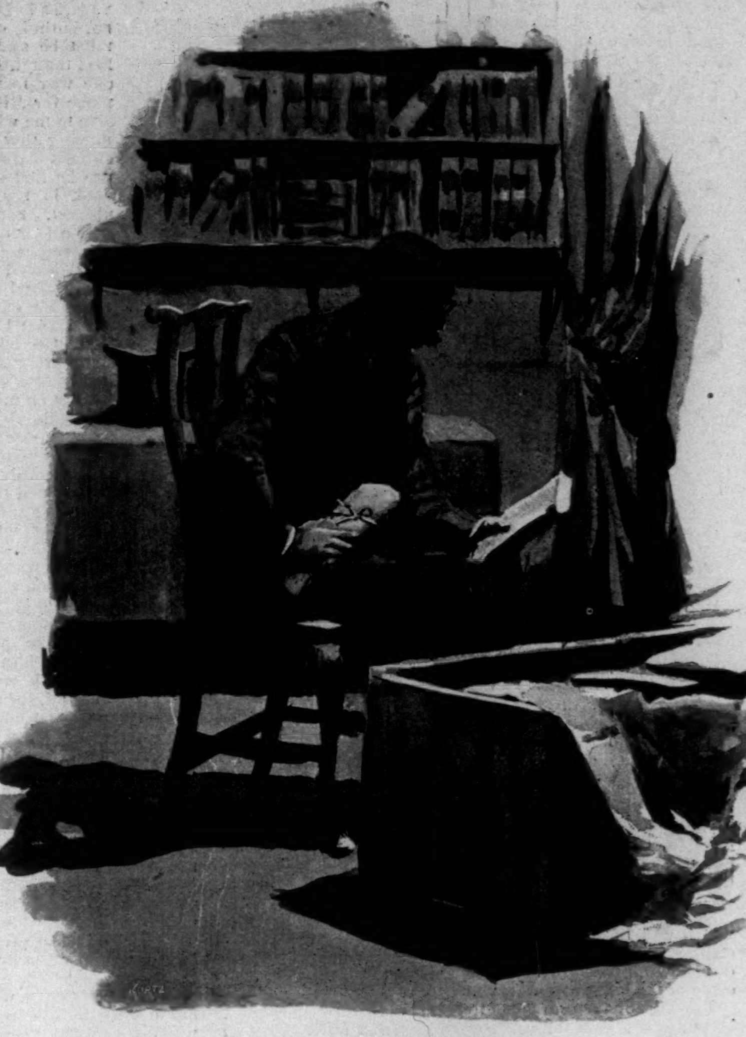


ON A SPIRIT TRIP.

It had been our custom every summer to take what Bragdon called spirit trips together—that is to say, along early in the spring-time Bragdon and I would choose some out-of-the-way corner of the world for exploration; we would each read up all that we could find out concerning the chosen locality, and then in August, boarding a small schooner-rigged boat belonging to Bragdon, we would cruise about the Long Island Sound or sail up and down the Hudson River for a week, and then, tabooing all other subjects, tell each other all that we had been able to discover concerning the place we had decided upon for our imaginary visit. In this way we became tolerably familiar with several places of interest which neither of us had ever visited, and which, in my case, financial limitations, and in Bragdon's, lack of time, were likely always to prevent our seeing. As I remember the matter, this plan was Bragdon's own, and its first suggestion by him was received by me with a smile of derision; but the quaintness of the idea in time won me over, and after the first trial, when we made a spirit trip to Beloochistan, I was so fascinated by my experience that I eagerly looked forward to a second in the series, and was always thereafter only too glad to bear my share of the trouble and expense of our annual journeyings. In this manner we had practically circumnavigated this world and one or two of the planets; for, content as we were to visit unseen countries in spirit only, we were never hampered by the ordinary limitations of travel, and where books failed to supply us with information, the imagination was called into play. The universe was open to us at the expense of a captain for our sharpy, canned provisions for a week, and a moderate consumption of gray matter in the conjuring up of scenes with which neither ourselves nor others were familiar. The trips were refreshing always, and in the case of our spirit journey through Italy, which at the time neither of us had visited, but which I have since had the good fortune to see in the fulness of her beauty, I found it to be far more delightful than the reality.

"We'll go in," said Bragdon, when he proposed the Italian tour, "by the St. Gothard route, the description of which I will prepare in detail myself. You can take the lakes, rounding up with Como. I will follow with the trip from Como to Milan, and Milan shall be my care. You can do Verona and Padua; I Venice. Then we can both try our hands at Rome and Naples; in the latter place, to save time, I will take Pompeii, you Capri. Thence we can hark back to Rome, thence to Pisa, Geneva, and Turin, giving a day to Siena and some of the quaint Etruscan towns, passing out by the Mont Cenis route from Turin to Genoa. If you choose you can take a run along the Riviera and visit Monte Carlo. For my own part, though, I'd prefer not to do that, because it brings a sensational element into the trip which I don't particularly care for. You'd have to gamble, and if your imagination is to have full play you ought to lose all your money, contemplate suicide, and all that. I don't think the results would be worth the mental strain you'd have to go through, and I certainly should not enjoy hearing about it. The rest of the trip, though, we can do easily in five days, which will leave us two for fishing, if we feel so disposed. They say the blue-fish are biting like the devil this year."



"BUT FINALLY I NERVED MYSELF UP TO THE DUTY THAT HAD DEVOLVED UPON ME, AND OPENED THE BOX."

I regret now that we did not include a stenographer among the necessaries of our spirit trips, for, as I look back upon that Italian tour, it was well worthy of preservation in book form, particularly Bragdon's contributions, which were so delightfully imaginative that I cannot but rejoice that he did not live to visit the scenes of which he so eloquently spoke to me upon that occasion. The reality, I fear, would have been a sore disappointment to him, particularly in relation to Venice, concerning which his notions were vaguely suggestive of an earthly floating paradise.

"Ah, Philip," he said, as we cast anchor one night in a little inlet near Milford, Connecticut, "I shall never forget Venice. This," he added, waving his hand over the silvery surface of the moonlit water—"this reminds me of it. All is so still, so romantic, so beautiful. I arrived late at night, and my first sensations were those of a man who has entered a city of the dead. The bustle, the noise and clatter, of a great city were absent; nothing was there but the massive buildings rising up out of the still, peaceful waters like gigantic tombs, and as my gondolier guided the sombre black craft to which I had confided my safety and that of my valise, gliding in and out along those dark unlit streams, a great wave of melancholy swept over me, and then, passing from the minor streets into the Grand Canal, the melancholy was dispelled by the brilliant scene that met my eyes—great floods of light coming from everywhere, the brilliance of each ray re-enforced by its reflection in the silent river over which I was speeding. It was like a glimpse of paradise, and when I reached my palace I was loath to leave the gondola, for I really felt as though I could glide along in that way through all eternity."

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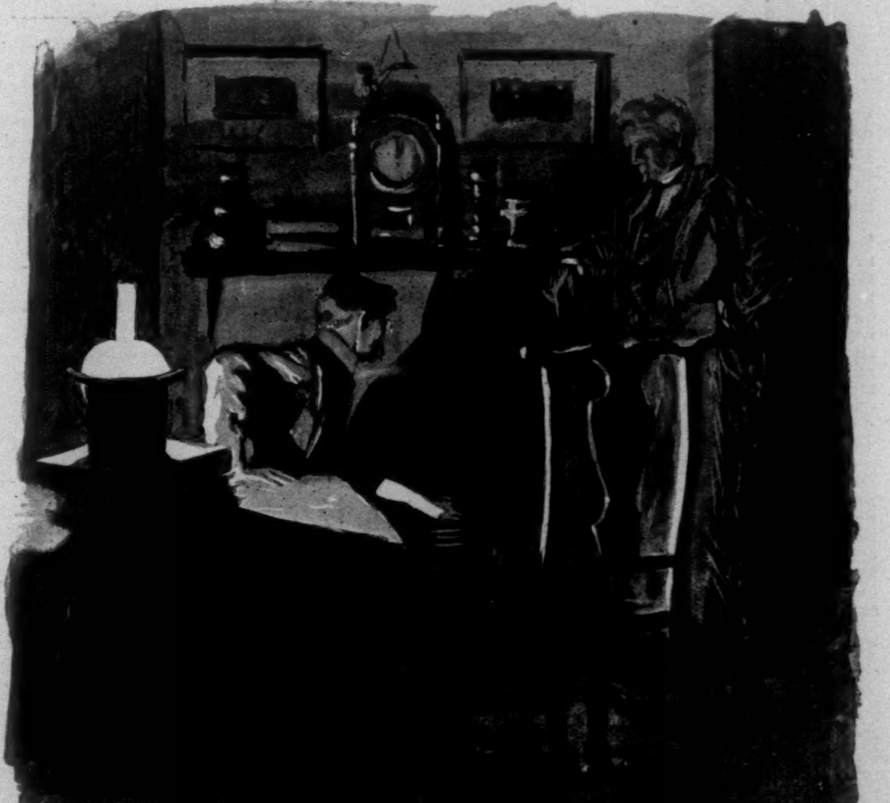

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At first it seemed to me that my late friend was indulging in a posthumous joke, and I paid his memory the compliment of seeing the point. But when, some days later, I received a note from his executors stating that they had found in the store-room of Bragdon's house a large packing-box full of papers and books, upon the cover of which was tacked a card bearing my address, I began to wonder whether or not, after all, the imagination of my dead friend had really led him to believe that he possessed literary ability.

I immediately sent word to the executors to have the box forwarded to me by express, and awaited its coming with no little interest, and, it must be confessed, with some anxiety; for I am apt to be depressed by the literary lucubrations of those of my friends who, devoid of the literary quality, do yet persist in writing, and for as long a time as I had known Bragdon I had never experienced through him any sensations save those of exhilaration, and I greatly feared a posthumous breaking of the spell. Poet in feeling as I thought him, I could hardly imagine a poem written by my friend, and while I had little doubt that I could live through the reading of a novel or short prose sketch from his pen, I was apprehensive as to the effect of a possible bit of verse.

It seemed to me, in short, that a poem by Bragdon, while it might easily show the poet's fancy, could not fail to show also the produce-broker's clumsiness of touch. His charm was the spontaneity of his spoken words, his enthusiastic personality disarming all criticism; what the labored productions of his fancy might prove to be, I hardly dared think. It was this dread that induced me, upon receipt of the box, appalling in its bulk and unpleasantly suggestive of the departure to other worlds of the original consignor, since it was long and deep like the outer oaken covering of a casket, to delay opening it for some days; but finally I nerved myself up to the duty that had devolved upon me, and opened the box.

GIUSEPPE ZOCCO.

It was full to overflowing with printed books in fine bindings, short tales in Bragdon's familiar hand in copy-books, manuscripts almost without number, three Russia-leather record-books containing, the title-page told me, that which I most dreaded to find, *The Poems of Thomas Bragdon*, and dedicated to "His Dearest Friend"—myself. I had no heart to read beyond the dedication that night, but devoted all my time to getting the contents of the box into my library, having done which I felt it absolutely essential to my happiness to put on my coat, and, though the night was stormy, to rush out into the air. I think I should have suffocated in an open field with those literary remains of Thomas Bragdon heaped about me that night.

On my return I went immediately to bed, feeling by no means in the mood to read *The Poems of Thomas Bragdon*. I tossed about through the night, sleeping hardly any, and in the morning rose up unrefreshed, and set about the examination of the papers and books intrusted to my care by my departed friend. And oh, the stuff I found there! If I was depressed at starting in, I was stupefied when it was all over, for the collection was mystifying to the point that it stunned.

In the first place, on opening Volume I. of the *Poems of Thomas Bragdon*, the first thing to greet my eyes was these lines:

CONSTANCY.

Often have I heard it said
That her lips are ruby-red:
Little heed I what they say,
I have seen as red as they.
Ere she smiled on other men,
Real rubies were they then.
But now her lips are coy and cold;
  To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
  The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

As I read I was conscious of having seen the lines somewhere before, and yet I could not place them for the moment. They certainly possessed merit, so much so, in fact, that I marvelled to think of their being Bragdon's. I turned the leaves further and discovered this:

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Come to me, O ye children,
  For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
  Have vanished quite away.

The Poem of the Universe
  Nor rhythm has nor rhyme;
Some God recites the wondrous song,
  A stanza at a time.

I dwell not now on what may be;
  Night shadows o'er the scene;
But still my fancy wanders free
  Through that which might have been.

"HE WAS IN AN UNUSUALLY EXUBERANT MOOD."

Two stanzas in the poem, the first and the last, reminded me, as did the lines on "Constancy," of something I had read before. In a moment I had placed the first as the opening lines of Longfellow's "Children," and a search through my books showed that the concluding verse was taken bodily from Peacock's exquisite little poem "Castles in the Air."

Despairing to solve the problem that now confronted me, which was, in brief, what Bragdon meant by bodily lifting stanzas from the poets and making them over into mosaics of his own, I turned from the poems and cast my eyes over some of the bound volumes in the box.

The first of these to come to hand was a copy of *Hamlet*, bound in tree calf, the sole lettering on the book being on the back, as follows:

HAMLET.

BRAGDON.

New York.

This I deemed a harmless bit of vanity, and not necessarily misleading, since many collectors of books see fit to have their own names emblazoned on the backs of their treasures; but pray imagine my horror upon opening the volume to discover that the name of William Shakespeare had been erased from the title-page, and that of Thomas Bragdon so carefully inserted that except to a practised eye none would ever know that the page was not as it had always been. I must confess to some mirth when I read that title-page:

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

A TRAGEDY.

BY

THOMAS BRAGDON, ESQUIRE.

The conceit was well worthy of my late friend in one of his most fanciful moods. In other volumes the same substitution had been made, so that to one not versed in literature it would have seemed as though "Thomas Bragdon, Esquire," had been the author not only of *Hamlet*, but also of *Vanity Fair*, *David Copperfield*, *Rienzi*, and many other famous works, and I am not sure but that the great problem concerning the "Junius Letters" was here solved to the satisfaction of Bragdon, if not to my own. There were but two exceptions in the box to the rule of substituting the name of Bragdon for that of the actual author; one of these was an Old Testament, on the fly-leaf of which Bragdon had written, "To my dear friend Bragdon," and signed "The Author." I think I should have laughed for hours over this delightful reminder of my late friend's power of imagination had not the second exception come almost immediately to hand—a copy of Milton, which I recognized at once as one I had sent Tom at Christmas two years before his death, and on the fly-leaf of which I had written, "To Thomas Bragdon, with the love of, his faithfully, Philip Marsden." This was, indeed, a commonplace enough inscription, but it gathered unexpected force when I turned over a leaf and my eyes rested on the title, where Bragdon's love of substitutes had led him to put my name where Milton's had been.

The discovery was too much for my equanimity. I was thoroughly disconcerted, almost angry, and I felt, for the first time in my life, that there had been vagaries in Bragdon's character with which I could not entirely sympathize; but in justice to myself it must be said these sentiments were induced by first thoughts only. Certainly there could be but one way in which Bragdon's substitution of my name for Milton's could prove injurious or offensive to me who was his friend, and that was by his putting that copy out before the world to be circulated at random, which avenue to my discomfiture he had effectually closed up by leaving the book in my hands, to do with it whatsoever I pleased. Second thoughts showed me that it was only a fear of what the outsider might think that was responsible for my temporary disloyalty to my departed comrade's memory, and then when I remembered how thoroughly we twain had despised the outsider, I was so ashamed of my aberration that I immediately renewed my allegiance to the late King Tom; so heartily, in fact, that my emotions wellnigh overcame me, and I found it best to seek distractions in the outer world.

I put on my hat and took a long walk along the Riverside Drive, the crisp air of the winter night proving a tonic to my disturbed system. It was after midnight when I returned to my apartment in a tolerably comfortable frame of mind, and yet as I opened the door to my study I was filled with a vague apprehension—of what I could not determine, but which events soon justified, for as I closed the door behind me, and turned up the light over my table, I became conscious of a pair of eyes fixed upon me. Nervously whirling about in my chair and glancing over toward my fireplace, I was for a moment transfixed with terror, for there, leaning against the mantel and gazing sadly into the fire, was Tom Bragdon himself—the man whom but a short time before I had seen lowered into his grave.

"Tom," I cried, springing to my feet and rushing toward him—"Tom, what does this mean? Why have you come back from the spirit world to—to haunt me?"

As I spoke he raised his head slowly until his eyes rested full upon my own, whereupon he vanished, all save those eyes, which remained fixed upon my own, and filled with the soft affectionate glow I had so often seen in them in life.

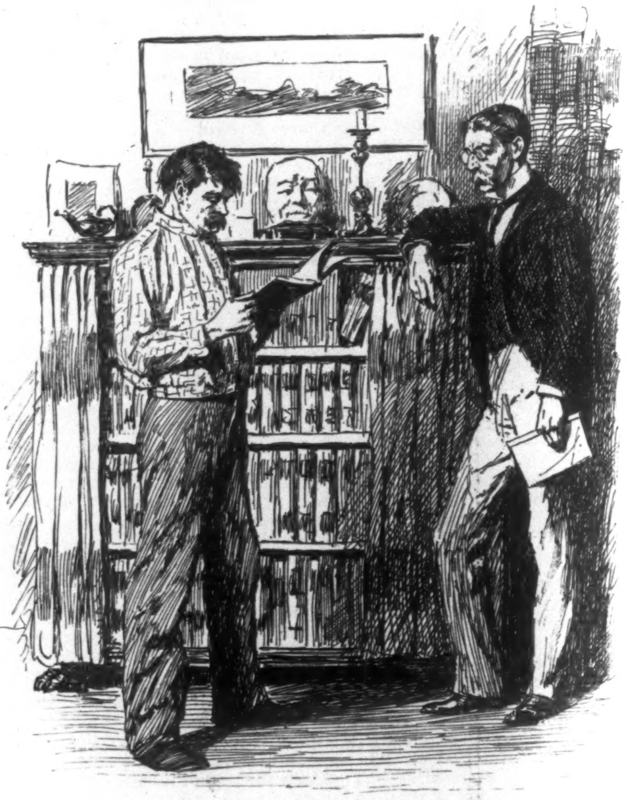
"Tom," I cried again, holding out my arms toward him in a beseeching fashion, "come back. Explain this dreadful mystery if you do not wish me to lose my senses."

And then the eyes faded from my sight, and I was alone again. Horrified by my experience, I rushed from the study into my bedroom, where I threw myself, groaning, upon my couch. To collect my scattered senses was of difficult performance, and when finally my agitated nerves did begin to assume a moderately normal state, they were set adrift once more by Tom's voice, which was unmistakably plain, bidding me to come to him back there in the study. Fearful as I was of the results, I could not but obey, and I rose tremblingly from my bed and tottered back to my desk, to see Bragdon sitting opposite my usual place just as he had so often done when in the flesh.

"Phil," he said in a moment, "don't be afraid. I couldn't hurt you if I would, and you know—or if you don't know you ought to know—that to promote your welfare has always been one of the supremest of my desires. I have returned to you here to-night to explain my motive in making the alterations in those books, and to account for the peculiarities of those verses. We have known each other, my dear boy, how many years?"

"Fifteen, Tom," I said, my voice husky with emotion.

"Yes, fifteen years, and fifteen happy years, Phil. Happy years to me, to whom the friendship of one who understood me was the dearest of many dear possessions. From the moment I met you I felt I had at last a friend, one to whom my very self might be confided, and who would through all time and under all circumstances prove true to that trust. It seemed to me that you were my soul's twin, Phil, and as the years passed on and we grew closer to each other, when the rough corners of my nature adapted themselves to the



"YOU GOIN' TO KEEP A DIARY?"

curves of yours, I almost began to think that we were but one soul united in all things spiritual, two only in matters material. I never spoke of it to you; I thought of it in communion with myself; I never thought it necessary to speak of it to you, for I was satisfied that you knew. I did not realize until—until that night a fortnight since, when almost without warning I found myself on the threshold of the dark valley, that perhaps I was mistaken. I missed you, and so sudden was the attack, and so swiftly did the heralds of death intrude upon me, that I had no time to summon you, as I wished; and as I lay there upon my bed, to the watchers unconscious, it came to me, like a dash of cold water in my face, that after all we were not one, but in reality two; for had we been one, you would have known of the perilous estate of your other self, and would have been with me at the last. And, Phil, the realization that chilled my very soul, that showed me that what I most dearly loved to believe was founded in unreality, reconciled me to the journey I was about to take into other worlds, for I knew that should I recover, life could never seem quite the same to me."

Here Bragdon, or his spirit, stopped speaking for a moment, and I tried to say something, but could not.

"I know how you feel, Phil," said he, noticing my discomfiture, "for though you are not so much a part of me that you thoroughly comprehend me, I have become so much a part of you that your innermost thoughts are as plain to me as though they were mine. But let me finish. I realized when I lay ill and about to die that I had permitted my theory of happiness to obscure my perception of the actual. As you know, my whole life has been given over to imagination—all save that portion of my existence, which I shall not dignify by calling life, when I was forced by circumstances to bring myself down to realities. I did not live whilst in commercial pursuits. It was only when I could leave business behind and travel in fancy wheresoever I wished that I was happy, and in those moments, Phil, I was full of aspiration to do those things for which nature had not fitted me, and to the extent that I recognized my inability to do those things I failed to be content. I should have liked to be a great writer, a poet, a great dramatist, a novelist—a little of everything in the literary world. I should have liked to know Shakespeare, to have been the friend of Milton; and when I came out of my dreams it made me unhappy to think that such I never could be, until one day this idea came to me: all the happiness of life is bound up in the 'let's pretend' which we learn in childhood, and no harm results to any one. If I can imagine myself off with my friend Phil Marsden in the lakes of England and Scotland, in the African jungle, in the moon, anywhere, and enter so far into the spirit of the trips as to feel that they are real and not imagination, why may I not in fancy be all these things that I so aspire to be? Why may not the plays of Shakespeare become the plays of Thomas Bragdon? Why may not the poems of Milton become the poems of my dearest, closest friend Phil Marsden? What is to prevent my achieving the highest position in letters, art, politics, science, anything, in imagination? I acted upon the thought, and I found the plan worked admirably up to a certain point. It was easy to fancy myself the author of *Hamlet* until I took my copy of that work in hand to read, and then it would shock and bring me back to earth again to see the name of another on the title-page. My solution of this vexatious complication was soon found. Surely, thought I, it can harm no one if I choose in behalf of my own conceit to substitute my name for that of Shakespeare, and I did so. The illusion was complete; indeed, it became no illusion, for my eyes did not deceive me. I saw what existed: the title-page of *Hamlet* by Thomas Bragdon. I carried the plan further, and where I found a piece of literature that I admired, there I made the substitution of my name for that of the real author, and in the case of that delightful copy of Milton you gave me, Phil, it pleased me to believe that it was presented to me by the author, only the inscription on the title-page made it necessary for me to foist upon you the burden or distinction of authorship. Then as I lived on in my imaginary paradise it struck me that for one who had done such great things in letters I was doing precious little writing, and I bethought me of a plan which a dreadful reality made all the more pleasing. I looked into literature to a slight extent, and I perceived at once that originality is no longer possible. The great thoughts have been thought; the great truths have been grasped and made clear; the great poems have been written. I saw that literature of to-day is either an echo of the past or a combination of the ideas of many in the productions of the individual, and upon that basis I worked. My poems are combinations. I have taken a stanza from one poet, and combining it with a stanza from another, have made the resulting poem my own, and in so far as I have made no effort to profit thereby I have been clear in my conscience. No one has been deceived but myself, though I saw with some regret this evening when you read my lines that you were puzzled by them. I had believed that you understood me sufficiently to comprehend them."

Here my ghostly visitor paused a moment and sighed. I felt as though some explanation of my lack of comprehension early in the evening was necessary, and so I said,

"I should have understood you, Tom, and I do now, but I have not the strength of imagination that you have."

"You are wrong there, Phil," said he. "You have every bit as strong an imagination as I, but you do not keep it in form. You do not exercise it enough. How have you developed your muscles? By constant exercise. The imagination needs to be kept in play quite as much as the muscles, if we do not wish it to become flabby as the muscles become when neglected. That your imagination is a strong one is shown by my presence before you to-night. In reality, Phil, I am lying out there in Greenwood, cold in my grave. Your imagination places me here, and as applied to my books, the play of *Hamlet* by Thomas Bragdon, and my poems, they will also demonstrate to you the strength of your fancy if you will show them, say, to your janitor, to-morrow morning. Try it, Phil, and see; but this is only a part, my boy, of what I have come here to say to you. I am here, in the main, to show you that throughout all eternity happiness may be ours if we but take advantage of our fancy. Do you take delight in my society? Imagine me present, Phil, and I will be present. There need be no death for us, there need be no separation throughout all the years to come, if you but exercise your fancy in life, and when life on this earth ends, then shall we be reunited according to nature's laws. Good-night, Phil. It is late; and while I could sit here and talk forever without weariness, you, who have yet to put off your mortal limitations, will be worn out if I remain longer."

We shook hands affectionately, and Bragdon vanished as unceremoniously as he had appeared. For an hour after his departure I sat reflecting over the strange events of the evening, and finally, worn out in body and mind, dropped off into sleep. When I awakened it was late in the forenoon, and I was surprised when I recalled all that I had gone through to feel a sense of exhilaration. I was certainly thoroughly rested, and cares which had weighed rather heavily on me in the past now seemed light and inconsiderable. My apartments never looked so attractive, and on my table, to my utter surprise and delight, I saw several objects of art, notably a Barye bronze, that it had been one of my most cherished hopes to possess. Where they came from I singularly enough did not care to discover; suffice it to say that they have remained there ever since, nor have I been at all curious to know to whose generosity I owe them, though when that afternoon I followed Bragdon's advice, and showed his book of poems and the volume of *Hamlet* to the janitor, a vague notion as to how matters really stood entered my mind. The janitor cast his eye over the leather-covered book of poems when I asked him what he thought of it.

"Nothin' much," he said. "You goin' to keep a diary?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, when I sees people with handsome blank-books like that I allus supposes that's their object."

Blank-book indeed! And yet, perhaps, he was not wrong. I did not question it, but handed him the Bragdon *Hamlet*.

"Read that page aloud to me," I said, indicating the title-page and turning my back upon him, almost dreading to hear him speak.

"Certainly, if you wish it; but aren't you feeling well this morning, Mr. Marsden?"

"Very," I replied, shortly. "Go on and read."

"Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," he read, in a halting sort of fashion.

"Yes, yes; and what else?" I cried, impatiently.

"A Tragedy by William Shak—"

That was enough for me. I understood Tom, and at last I understood myself. I grasped the book from the janitor's hands, rather roughly, I fear, and bade him begone.

The happiest period of my life has elapsed since then. I understand that some of my friends profess to believe me crazy; but I do not care. I am content.

The world is practically mine, and Bragdon and I are always together.

HOW DARKIES BECAME BLACK.

BY WILLIAM CLIFFORD ORTON.

"Hiyi, chile! You am de worst for askin' questions I ebber seen. Fust 'tis, 'Why doan chickens fly like other birds?' Den it's, 'Why has mules long ears?' And now it's, 'Why is we black?'"

Here the old man tilted back his chair against the house, and made the air resound with aged cracked laughter. He was a long thin white-haired old negro, whose bent figure and lank hanging arms denoted a life of hard work, and whose high wrinkled forehead showed signs of brain capacity.

Every one in this old Jersey town knew Uncle Charley Maffet and his wife. Knew them to be the neatest, most industrious darkies that had ever graced the village.

The most particular house-keeper could find no fault with Aunt Sue's house-keeping, nor the most exacting gardener with Uncle Charley's patch of lawn and garden.

No building in town—not even the house of the turret-crazy architect—could boast such an array of marvellous weather-vanes, windmills, and bird-houses as did theirs.

People driving by had often taken it for some government meteorological station, until, upon close examination, they saw that connected in some way with each instrument was the figure of a negro working away, in wooden unconsciousness of the parody on its race it was enacting.

Wherever in town around a barn or cottage one saw some marvellous windmill or bird-house, he was certain that Uncle Charley did live or had lived there; for he was gifted with an inventive and mechanical talent that, backed by even a common education, would have made him famous. But he could not read a word; and while old aunty read aloud from "de Book" (meaning the Bible), he spent the evening in converting old bed-heads, boxes, and barrels into marvellously constructed articles of furniture.

With an old table-knife, a saw, and hatchet he fashioned toys that delighted every one.

At his gate-post this day, fanned by a gentle breeze, four wooden negroes in red shirts and blue trousers turned in such a realistic way a huge wheel that one's back ached for them, and you wished they could stop and mop their faces.

Beyond on a clothes-pole a man was sawing a log, while surmounting another across the path was a red-dressed wench churning for butter that never came.

Over the door of their one-storied house a woman stood, broom in hand, apparently shooing a long line of horses, cats, and dogs that turned with the wind along the ridge-pole. She was the failure of the family, for she had obeyed no wind in two years; but, as Uncle Charley said, "Eben de Lawd couldn't make a woman go straight when dey was only one in the world, and I guess I can't needer."

Among those who knew him well his mechanical inventive genius amounted to nothing compared with his ability to make and tell stories. He had "de gif' ob gab," and was not saving of it.

"De Lawd didn't hang my tongue loose onless He tendered it ter go," he said.

This was a day when he had no work, and, knife in hand, whittling away, he was laughing at my demand for a story.

"Why, sah, I doan know as I 'member 'bout dat. You jest come roun' dis ebening and I'll tell you how we came ter be black."

With this assurance I went down to the cottage at night, knowing that I would hear something original; for whenever he "disremembered" he called upon his inventive faculties to supply the loss. The result was often surprising.

Aunt Sue was sitting by the window, knitting coarse gray socks; a gray cat was rubbing her arched back against the table-legs. In a corner surrounded by a little cloud of smoke sat Uncle Charley, chair tilted, knees even with his chin as usual.

After greetings, and Uncle Charley's usual protestations that he had not expected me, nor had any time to "think her up," he started off:

"Well, chile, it's surprisin' ter me dat a man like you, what's always a-readin' books, doan know how we came ter be black. Doan you know dat we wasn' always black? Dey wasn' black in de garden ob Eden. But somehow or 'nother folks ain't always satisfied. Dey always wants more dan dey got; and often get less. De horse what's tied ter a hitchin'-post always wants de grass on de odder side de road. De log Sam saws always 'pears smaller dan mine. De girl yer can't get am de sweetest on de airth."

Here, casting a furtive glance at "de ole woman," and seeing no signs of objection on her part, he chuckled to himself and continued:

"Well, dese yer Israels was a-gittin' tired of Egypt, and dey got up a little Fourth ob July and said dey was done makin' brick widout pay, and dey left.

"When dey got away it was jest de same. Dey heered tell about a lan' called Canaan, and dere dey mus' go. So Moses he done send a lot ob de strongest and finest-looking fellers out ter spy out de lan'. Up over de mounting dey climb and see a big lan', full er houses and cities and big bunches ob grapes.

"Den dey held er-er conscursion, an' 'cided ter call on de Canes. Well, de Canes was mity glad ter see 'em, shook 'em by de han', 'vited dem in, and tried ter fin' out ef dey was any lashun ob deirs. By-and-by dese Israels was pretty near starvin', an' right glad was dey ter stay ter supper when de Canes axed dem; for dey could smell something cooking. My, but it was good; dey nebber smelled no such smoke before!"

Here the old man rubbed his stomach and rolled his tongue around in his mouth as though the odor was in the room.

"So," he continued, "dey sat down, and nebber tasted nothing so good in all deir libes as dis yer meat, what de Canes called chicken. Dey ate and ate. My golly! but 'twas jest as good den as now."

Here he again lost himself in the raptures of the imaginary meal, while Aunt Sue laughed behind her apron.

"Well, when dey got back dey tole de people dat de Canes was a fine people, but dat dere was no room in deir lan' fur any more pussons.

"Moses he doan believe, nohow. Some wanted ter go, some ter stay—like a balky team—and so dey kep' a-talkin'.

"But dese yer spies—my gracious! how dey think about dat chicken! Dat was de fust dey had ebber eat, and nohow could dey get de taste out ob deir mouths.

"So while all de bickerin' was a-going on, dey went back ter see de Canes and got more chicken, and kep' up a-going.

"At fust dey was glad ter see 'em; but when dese yer Canes found dat de Israels didn't come ter see dem, but git deir bellies full; didn't come ter marry deir daughters, but only jest full up on fried chicken, oh! den dey got pow'ful mad, an drove dem home. Sent word ter Moses if dey come again dey 'ud be killed.

"Moses he was madder ner a fooled rabbit dog; said, 'If any more goes I'll kill dem myself.'

"But chickens, like beer and watermelons, once had, always got ter have 'em."

Here Uncle Charley poked me and gave a sly glance at his wife, while he refilled his pipe.

"By-and-by," he went on, "dese yer spies 'cided dey mus' hab some more. Dey got up a crowd ob demselves an' deir sweethearts, an' plan a great picnic. Dey was all ter go out in de woods, an' some ob de fellers would go erhead, an' git some chickens from de Canes' roost.

"My, but dat was jolly fun; so dey went an' dey got erbout twenty big br'ilers from de Canes' roost, an' nebber got cotched.

"When dey got back in de woods, near de Israels' camp, de girls had a fire an' spits ready. It didn't take long ter git dem ober de fire; an' dey was soon er roastin' brown. My golly! but dey smell good. De fire crackled, de grease sputtered.

"But, young man, nebber you tell a girl you lub her till you got de ring in your pocket an' de parson at de door.

"One ob dese fellers had a squab wid his sweetheart, an' lef' her behind. Oh, I tell you women's tricky, an'"—here he dodged a slipper that came from Aunt Sue's corner, and chuckling to himself went on:

"Well, somehow 'nother, Mose, he heered ob dis yer party. He nebber say much, but he were great on git up an' gittin'.

"Jest when all de chickens was about done an' de Israels' mouths was a-waterin' an' deir stomachs itchin', an' dey was all er squattin' round de fire, hold er hands, suddenly dey heerd a great yell, an' Moses' soldiers came up behind an' pushed dem all headfust in de fire.

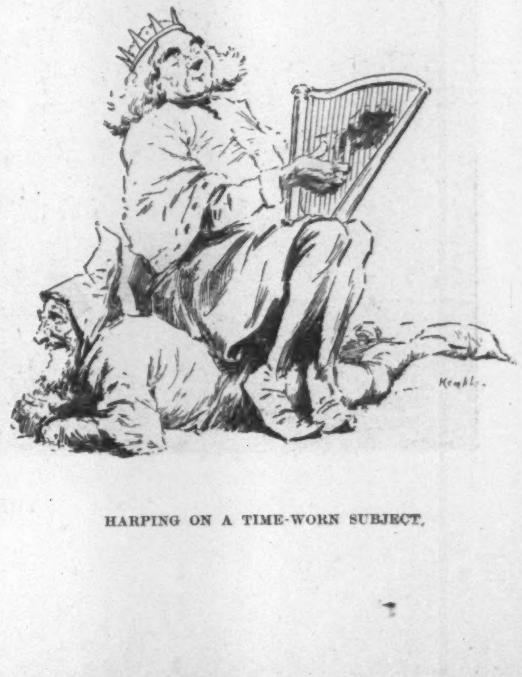
"My, but dere was a yellin', an' a screamin', an' dey all scrambled out an' ran away, deir faces all burned black an' deir hair all frizzled up.

"An', chile, doan you know dat to dis yer day, dey, nor deir chillun, nor deir chillun's chilluns, has been able ter wash dat black off, git de crinks out deir hair, or stop stealin' chickens?"

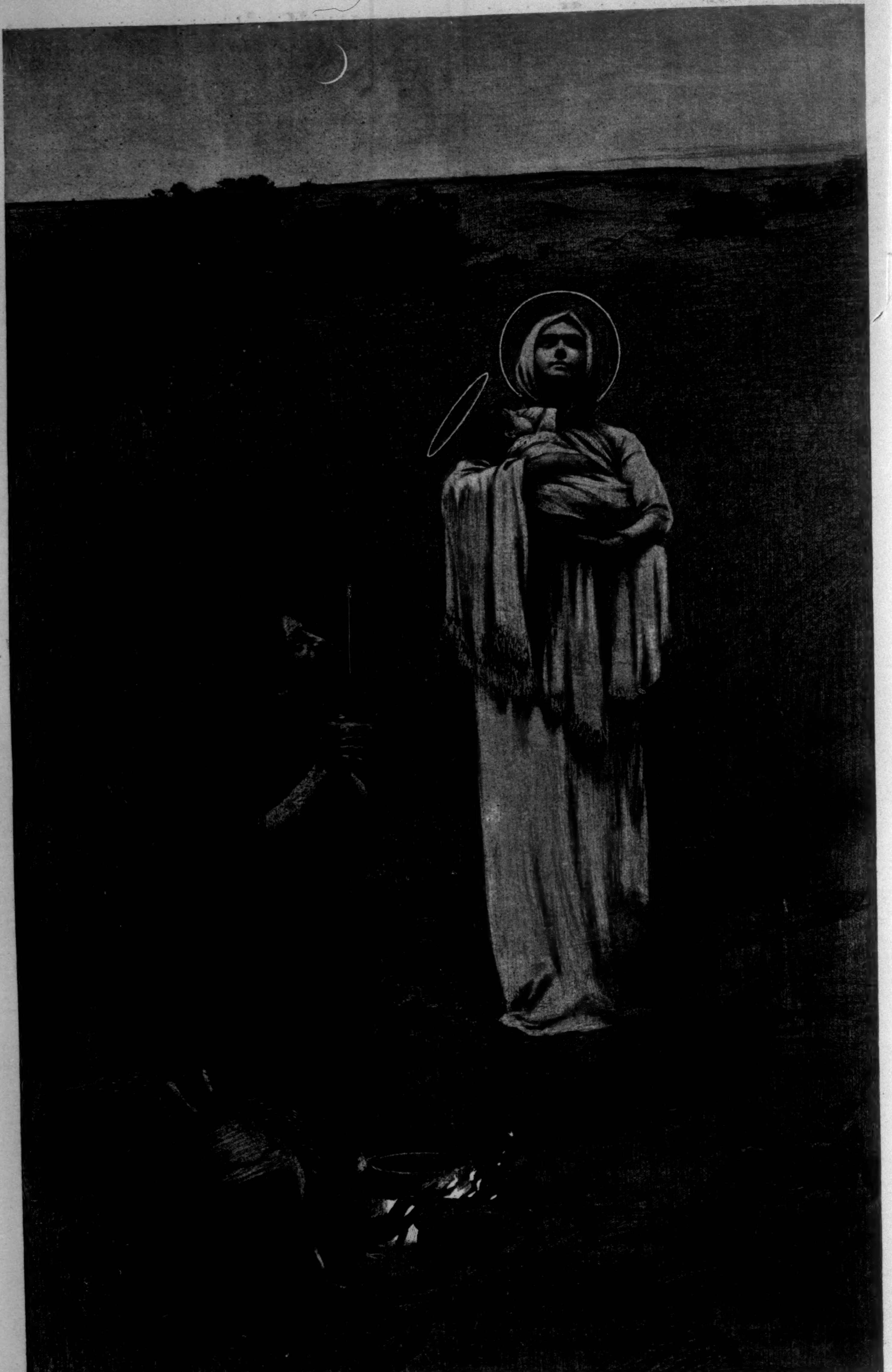
Here Uncle Charley laughed and laughed. As I went to leave he called out:

"Doan yer want ter hear why mules has long ears?"

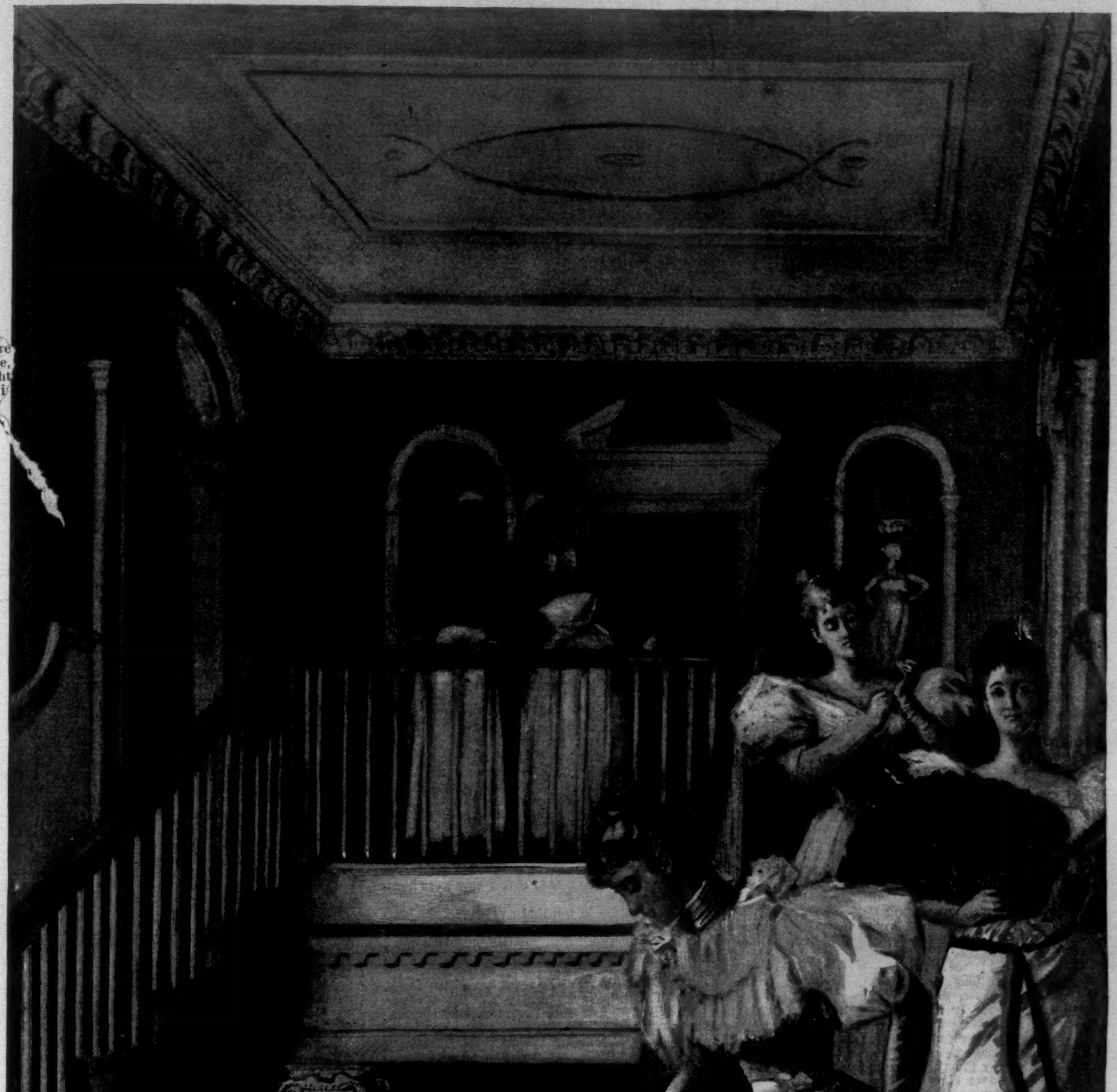
But I had no time to listen, and promised to come again to hear the story.



HARPING ON A TIME-WORN SUBJECT.



THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.—DRAWN BY GUY ROSE.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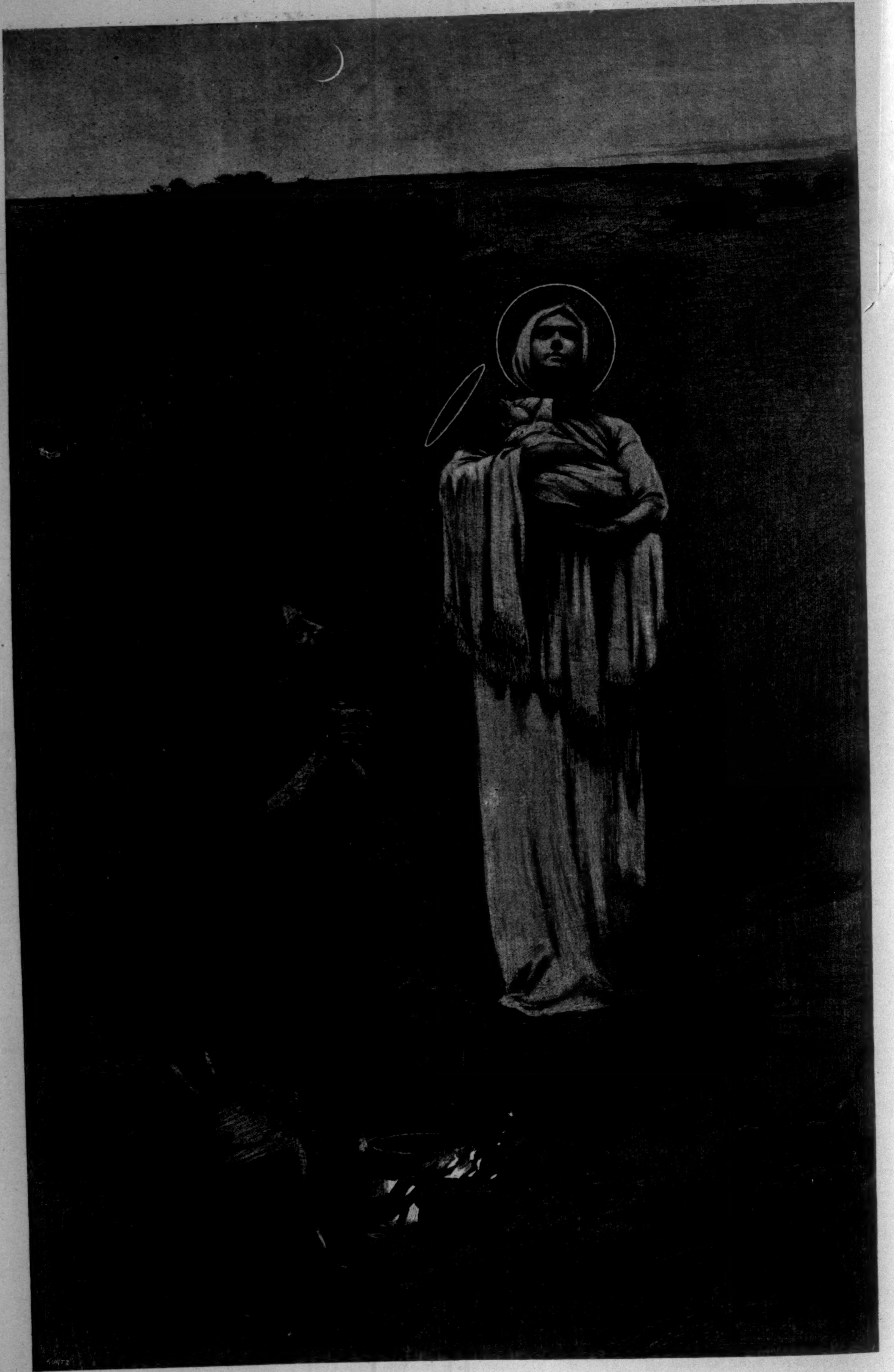
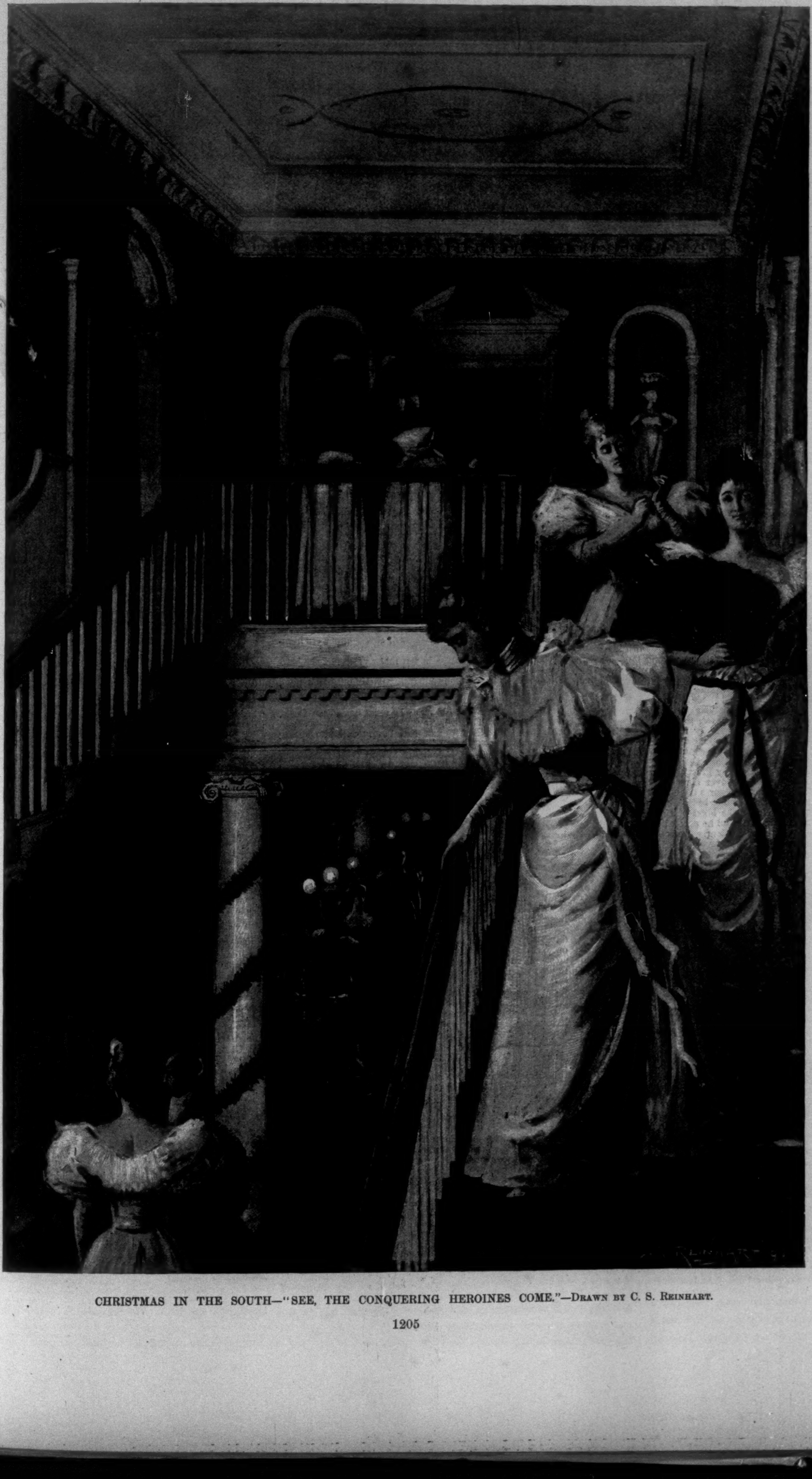
CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH—"SEE, THE CONQUERING HEROINES COME."—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.



THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.—Drawn by Guy Rose.



CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH—"SEE, THE CONQUERING HEROINES COME."—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.

"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE."

A Christmas-Eve Vignette.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

IT was late in the afternoon when John Suydam turned into Twenty-third Street, and he remarked the absence of the gleam of color generally visible far away to the westward beyond the end of the street and across the river. There was no red vista that Christmas eve, for the sky was overcast and lowering, and there was a damp chill in the air, a premonition of approaching snow. It was about the edge of dusk as he skirted Madison Square and saw the electric lights twinkle out suddenly up and down Fifth Avenue, and in the square here and there.

The young man crossed Broadway, skilfully avoiding a huge express wagon, and springing lightly out of the path of a clanging cable-car. He crossed Fifth Avenue, threading his way through the carriages and the carts piled high with paper-covered packages. The white walls of the hotel on the opposite side of Twenty-third Street were dingy under the leaden sky as the haze of the swift twilight settled down. The wind died away altogether, and yet the atmosphere was raw and dank. Suydam bought an evening paper from the crippled newsboy who sat in his rolling-chair, warmly wrapped against the weather, and seemingly cheerful and contented with his takings.

A few steps further the young man passed an old French sailor standing on the curb-stone, and using his single hand to wind the machinery of a glazed box, wherein a ship was to be seen tossing on the regular waves while a train of cars kept crossing a bridge which spanned an estuary. Almost under the sailor's feet there was an old woman huddled in a dirty heap over a tiny hand-organ, from which she was slowly grinding a doubtful and dolorous tune. By her side, but a little beyond, two boys were offering for sale green wreaths, and stars, and ropes of greenery, to be used in festooning. Close to the broad windows of a dry-goods store, whence a yellow light streamed forth, a tall, thin man had a board on a trestle, and on this portable table he was showing off the antics of a toy clown who tumbled artlessly down a steep flight of steps. The people who hurried past, with parcels under their arms, rarely stopped to look at the ship tossing on the waves, or to listen to the hesitating tune of the wheezy organ, or to buy a bit of green or a performing clown. Yet the open-air bazar, as it might plainly be called, the out-door fair, extended all the way along the street, and on both edges of the sidewalk the fakirs were trying to gather in their scanty Christmas harvest.

Before John Suydam came to the corner of Sixth Avenue the snow began at last to fall; the first flakes descended hesitatingly, scurried by a brief wind that sprang up for a minute or two, and then died away absolutely. After a while the snow thickened and fell faster, sifting down softly and silently, but filling the air under the electric lights which were clustered at the corner, and reddening under the glare of the engines on the elevated railroad overhead, as they rushed along girt with swirling clouds of steam. The snow clustered upon the boughs of the unsold Christmas trees which stood irregularly along the sidewalk before a florist's a few doors down Sixth Avenue, and by the time Suydam had turned the corner, they looked like the shrouded ghosts of balsam pines.

All along the avenue he had to make his way through the same crowds of belated Christmas shoppers, hurrying in and out of the overgrown stores, availing themselves of their last chance to buy gifts for the morrow; but as he advanced, the throng thinned a little, driven home perhaps by the snow-storm. Yet though the purchasers were fewer, the peddlers persisted. Suydam noted one old man, bent and shrivelled, and with a long gray beard, who had a tray before him hung on a strap over his shoulders, and on the narrow board were plaster figures of Santa Claus carrying aloft a branching Christmas tree besprinkled with glittering crystalline flakes. Under the hood of the staircase of the station of the elevated railroad he saw a little blind woman wrapped in a scant shawl, silently proffering half a dozen lead-pencils. And high over the centre of the roadway the snow-clad trains thundered up and down, with white plumes of steam trailing from the engines.

As Suydam neared Fourteenth Street he found the crowds compacting again; and at the corner there was a chaos of carriages, carts, and street cars. The flights of stairs leading to the elevated railroad station were packed with people bearing bundles and boxes, most of them, ascending and descending with difficulty, jostling one another good-naturedly. Long lines of children of all ages spread along the wide plate-glass windows at the corner of one huge store, gazing wonderingly at a caravan of toy animals in gorgeous trappings, with chariots and palanquins, which kept circling around in front of painted palm-trees and gayly decorated tents. The snow was now falling fast, but still the young ones looked admiringly and waited willingly, though their hats were whitened, and though the soft flakes melted on their capes and on their coats.

The mass of humanity clustering about these windows forced Suydam almost to the edge of the sidewalk; but this was the last crowd he had to make his way through. Lower down there were no solid groups, although the avenue was still thronged. He was able to quicken his pace. So he sped along, passing the butchers', where carcasses of sheep and of beeves hung in line garlanded with ropes of evergreen; passing the grocers', where the shelves were battlemented with cans of food; passing the bakers', where bread and cakes, pies and crullers, were displayed in trays and in baskets. He glanced into the yellow windows of candy stores, and saw the parti-colored sweetmeats temptingly spread out. He caught a glimpse of more than one dealer in *delicatessen* whose display of silver-clad sausage and heavy pasty and wicker-work flask was enough to stimulate the appetite of a jaded epicure. He saw the signs of a time of plenty, but no one knew better than John Suydam that just then there was truly a season of want.

Night had fallen before he reached the court-house, with its high roof and its lofty turret, before he came to the market, with its yawning baskets of vegetables and its long rows of pendent turkeys beneath the flaring jets of gas. He crossed the avenue and turned into a small street—not here at right angles to the thoroughfare, as are the most of the side streets of New York. At last he stopped before a little house, an old two-story building, worn with long use, and yet dignified in its decay. The tiny dwelling had a Dutch roof, with two dormer-windows; and it had been built when the Dutch traditions of New Amsterdam were stronger than they are to-day.

The young man mounted the high stoop, on which the snow was now nearly half an inch thick. He rang the bell twice with a measured interval between. The flying step of a girl was heard, and then the door was thrown open, and Suydam disappeared within the little old house.

As the door closed, the young man took the young woman in his arms and kissed her.

"Oh, John," she said, "it is so good of you to come on Christmas eve. How did you manage to get away?"

"I've only two hours," he answered, "and I had to get something to eat, so I thought that perhaps you—"

"Of course we can," the girl interrupted. "And mother will be delighted. She has made one of her old-fashioned chicken pies, and it's ever so much too much for us two. It will be ready at six."

"Then I know where I'm going to get my dinner," her lover returned, as he followed her into the little parlor. "But I shall have to go back as soon as I've had it. I've told them that I think the office ought to be kept open till midnight, and I said I'd stay. It would be a sorrowful thing, wouldn't it, if any one who wants help couldn't get it on Christmas eve?"

"And there must be many who want help this hard winter," said the girl. "I went as far as Broadway this afternoon, on an errand for mother, and I passed six beggars—"

"Oh, beggars—" he began.

"Yes, I know," she interrupted again. "I did not give them anything, though it seemed so cruel not to. I knew what you thought about indiscriminate charity, and so I steeled my heart. And I suffered for it, too. I know I should have felt happier if I had given something to one or two of them."

"I suppose you did deprive yourself of the virtuous glow of self-satisfaction," Suydam admitted. "But that virtuous glow is too cheap to be valuable. If we want to help our neighbor really we must practise self-sacrifice, and not purchase an inexpensive self-gratification at the cost of his self-respect."

"I should feel as though I wasn't spending Christmas if I didn't give away something," she protested.

"Exactly," he returned. "You haven't yet freed yourself from the pestilent influence of Dickens, though you have much more sense, too, than nine women out of ten. You have blindly followed the belief that you ought to give for your own sake, without thinking whether it was best for the beggar to receive. Dickens's Christmas stories are now breeding their third generation of paupers; and I doubt if we can convince the broad public of the absurdity of his sociology in another half-century. It takes science to solve problems; hysteric emotionalism won't do it."

"You don't think all the beggars I saw to-day were humbugs, do you?" she asked.

"There isn't one chance in ten that any one of the half-dozen is really in need," he answered; "and probably five out of the six have taken to begging partly out of laziness, and partly because they can beg larger wages than they can earn honestly."

"But there was one old man; he must have been forty, at least," urged the girl, "who was positively starving. Why, just as I turned out of Broadway I saw him spring down to the gutter and pick up a crust of bread and begin to eat it greedily. I felt in my pocket for my purse, of course, but a gentleman had seen it too, and he went up to the man and talked to him and gave him a five-dollar bill. Now, there was a real case of distress, wasn't it?"

Suydam smiled sadly. "The starving man was about forty, you say? Tall and thin, wasn't he, with a thin pointed beard and a mark on his right cheek?"

The girl looked at him in wonder. "Why, how did you know?" she cried.

"That's Scar-faced Charley," he answered.

"And is he a humbug too?" she asked.

"I followed him for two hours one afternoon last week," he explained, "and I saw him pick up that bit of bread and pretend to eat it at least twenty times. When I had him arrested he had more than ten dollars in his pockets."

"Well," the young woman declared, "I shall never believe in anybody again."

"But I don't see how it is Scar-faced Charley is out to-day," Suydam went on. "We had him sent up for a month only, for the judge was easy with him. If he's out again so soon I suppose he must have a pull of some sort. Those fellows often have more influence than you would think."

"He took me in completely," the girl admitted. "If Scar-faced Charley, as you call him, can act so well, why doesn't he go on the stage and earn an honest living?"

"That's the first thing that astonished me when I went to live in the University Settlement last spring, and began to study out these things for myself. I found beggars who were fond of their profession, and who prided themselves on their skill. What are you to do with them? And if you let them ply their trade, how are you going to distinguish them from those who are really in need?"

"It is all very puzzling to me," the girl confessed. "Since I've heard you talk, charity doesn't seem half as simple as it used to."

"No," said Suydam, "it isn't simple. In fact, it is about as complicated and complex a problem as the twentieth century will have to solve. But I'm coming to one conclusion fast, and that is that the way to tell those who need help from those who don't need it is that the latter ask for it and the former won't. New York is rich and generous, and there's never any difficulty about getting money enough to relieve every case of distress in the city limits—none whatever. The real difficulty is in getting the money to the people who really need it, and in keeping it from the people who ought not to have it. You see that those who ask for assistance don't deserve it—not once in fifty times; and those who deserve it won't ask for it. There are men and women—women especially—who will starve before they will face the pity of their fellows. Every day I hear of cases of suffering borne silently, and discovered only by accident."

"I've been wondering for a week if we haven't one of those cases in this house now," said the girl.

"In this house?" the young man repeated.

"I've been meaning to tell you about it all every day," she went on, "but I've seen so little of you, and when you do come we have so many things to talk about, you know."

"I know," Suydam repeated. He was seated by her side on the sofa, and his arm was around her waist. He drew her closer to him and kissed her. "Now, tell me about your case of distress," he said.

"Well," the girl began, "this house is too big for mother and me alone, so we let one room on the top floor to two old ladies. They have been here since before Thanksgiving. They are foreigners—Cubans, I think. The mother must be seventy, and I can see she has been very handsome. The daughter is nearly fifty, I'm sure; and a more devoted daughter you never saw. She waits on her mother hand and foot. They didn't bring any baggage to speak of—no trunk, only just a little bag—and we saw at once that they were very, very poor. They paid two weeks' rent in advance, and since then they've paid two weeks more. A fortnight ago the daughter told mother that they would be obliged if she would let them defer paying the rent for a little while, as a letter they were expecting had not come. And I suppose that was so, for the postman never whistled but the daughter came flying down stairs to see if there wasn't something for them. But it hasn't come yet, and I don't believe they've got enough money to get things to eat, hardly. The daughter used to go out every morning, and come back with a tiny little parcel. You see, there's a gas stove in their room, and they do their own cooking. But she hasn't been out of the house for two days, and we haven't seen either of them since the day before yesterday, when the daughter came to the head of the stairs and asked if there was a letter for her mother. We can hear them moving about overhead gently, but we haven't seen them. And now we don't really know what to do. I'm so glad you've come, for I told mother I was going to ask you about them."

"Do you think they have no money?" Suydam asked.

"I'm afraid it's all gone," she answered. "And they have no friends at all, so far as we know."

"You say they are Cubans?"

"I think they are. Their name is de los Rios—Señora de los Rios, I heard the daughter call her mother when she asked the postman about a letter."

"If it wasn't so late," said the young man, looking at his watch, "I would go to the Spanish consulate. But it's nearly six now, and the consulate is certain to be closed. If there is any reason to think that they are actually suffering for want of food, can't you find some feminine reason for intruding on them?"

"I'm afraid we can't," she answered. "We did try yesterday morning. When we found that the daughter didn't go out for something to cook, we were afraid they might be hungry, and so we talked it over and over, and did our best to hit on some way of helping them. At last mother had an idea, and she made a sort of Spanish stew—what they call an *olla podrida*, you know. She got the receipt out of the cook-book, and she took it up and knocked at the door. They asked who it was, and they didn't open the door but a little. Mother told the daughter that she had been trying to make a Spanish dish, and she didn't know as she'd got it right, and so she'd come up to ask them as a favor if they wouldn't taste it, and tell her if it was all right. You see, that was mother's idea. She thought she might get them to eat it that way, and save their pride. But it wouldn't do. The daughter said that she was sorry, but she couldn't taste it then, she couldn't, nor her mother either. They had no appetite then, and so they couldn't judge of the *olla podrida*. She said they had just been cooking some chops and steaks."

"Chops and steaks?" echoed Suydam.

"That's what she said," the girl continued. "But of course that was only her excuse for refusing. That was her way of impressing on mother that they didn't need anything. So mother had to give it up, and bring the stew down stairs again. Mother doesn't feel so badly about them, however, because they had been cooking something yesterday. She smelt fish—yesterday was Friday, you know."

"I know," repeated the young man; "but still, I—"

Just then the shrill whistle of the postman was heard and a sharp ring at the bell.

The girl jumped up, and went to the door. As she opened it there came in the faint melody of distant sleigh-bells, and the roar of the street already muffled by the snow.

She returned to the parlor with a long blue envelope in her hand.

"Here is the letter at last," she said.

"What letter?" asked Suydam.

"The letter the old ladies are waiting for," she answered handing it to him.

He held it up nearer the single gas jet of the parlor and read the address aloud, "'Marquesa de los Rios,' and it's registered."

"Yes," the girl returned, "and the postman is waiting to have the receipt signed. He said he guessed it was money or a Christmas present of some sort, since it had so many seals on it. I wanted you to know about it; but I'll take it right up now."

She tripped lightly up stairs, and John Suydam heard her knocking at the door of the room the two old ladies occupied. After an interval she rapped again, apparently without response. Then he heard her try the door gently.

Two seconds later her voice rang out in a cry of alarm: "Mother! mother! Oh, John!"

Suydam sprang up stairs, and found her just outside of the door of the old ladies' room. She was trembling, and she gripped his hand.

"Oh, John," she said, "something terrible has happened! It was even worse than I thought! They were really starving!"

Then she led him silently into the room, where her mother joined them almost immediately.

After waiting five minutes the postman at the front door below became impatient. He rang the bell sharply and whistled again. He was kicking the snow off his boots and swinging his arms to keep warm, when at last the door opened and John Suydam appeared, with the long blue envelope in his hand.

"I'm afraid that you will have to take this letter away again," Suydam said to the postman. "There is no one here now to sign for it. The Marquesa de los Rios is dead!"

THE DEADLY FOLDING-BED.

WITHIN the past few weeks the folding-bed has achieved a most unpleasant notoriety, and the catalogue of accidents due to its irrepressible internal contortions seems almost to justify the suspicion that a carnival of folding-bed calamities has set in. Either by reason of an outbreak of the innate depravity of this mechanical mahogany hybrid itself, or because the æsthetic daimon wishes to teach us to go back to the decent and invertebrate bedstead, we appear to be at the mercy of an automatic impulse toward the wardrobe state which threatens those who confide themselves to the treacherous engine with suffocation, if not concussion of the spine, whereas nightmare was really the worst that was to have been anticipated.

There is something peculiarly shocking in such behavior on the part of a bed. Bed has been the friend of man since time immemorial, and not only does it speak to us of rest, sleep, freedom from care, and the peaceful home, but it is most intimately connected with the great drama of birth, life, and death. The very differentiation of civilized man is that he dies in bed. That bed should kill him is an atrocious turning of the slats. A man might as well die with his boots on as be telescoped in a folding-bed collision—the fact that he is in his night-gown is no sort of consolation to those who must separate his outraged remains from the spring mattress.

It is this iniquity in the folding-bed accident that encourages the surmise of a latent deviltry in the machine. The addition of the principle of the lever to a piece of furniture which our ancestors rightly constructed on simple, enduring, and reposeful lines—to which they gave the stern solidity of a knight's slumber and the airy height of a fair lady's dreams—might have been expected to develop in it a taste for impish nocturnal saltations. The majestic mediæval bed, with its massive columns and spreading canopies, was built to be proof against witchcraft. But this modern bed, with its stomach full of springs and chains, would have been banned by the Church in elder days, and no one would have looked to be safe in it at midnight even had it been riveted to the floor.

The worst thing that can be said against the folding-bed, however, is that it is in bad taste. It is not wholly a modern invention, to be sure, as it had its predecessor in the famous "bed by night and chest of drawers by day." And in so far as it is designed to economize space it is pardonable. But, like so many another invention of ours, it cannot rest satisfied with being a convenience, but must try to pass it off by a cheap assumption of being something else. The folding-bed chooses to assume to be a wardrobe, and people whose ideas are not nice believe it to be a very refined thing to keep such a vulgar thing as a bed out of sight during the day. Just how much more prudish a wardrobe is than a bed it is difficult to say. Perhaps M. Max O'Rell might calculate the degree. But it is a curious fact that wherever you find a folding-bed you almost always find the corners of the room unswept, so perhaps the recent carnival of calamities is in the nature of a judgment.

T. W.

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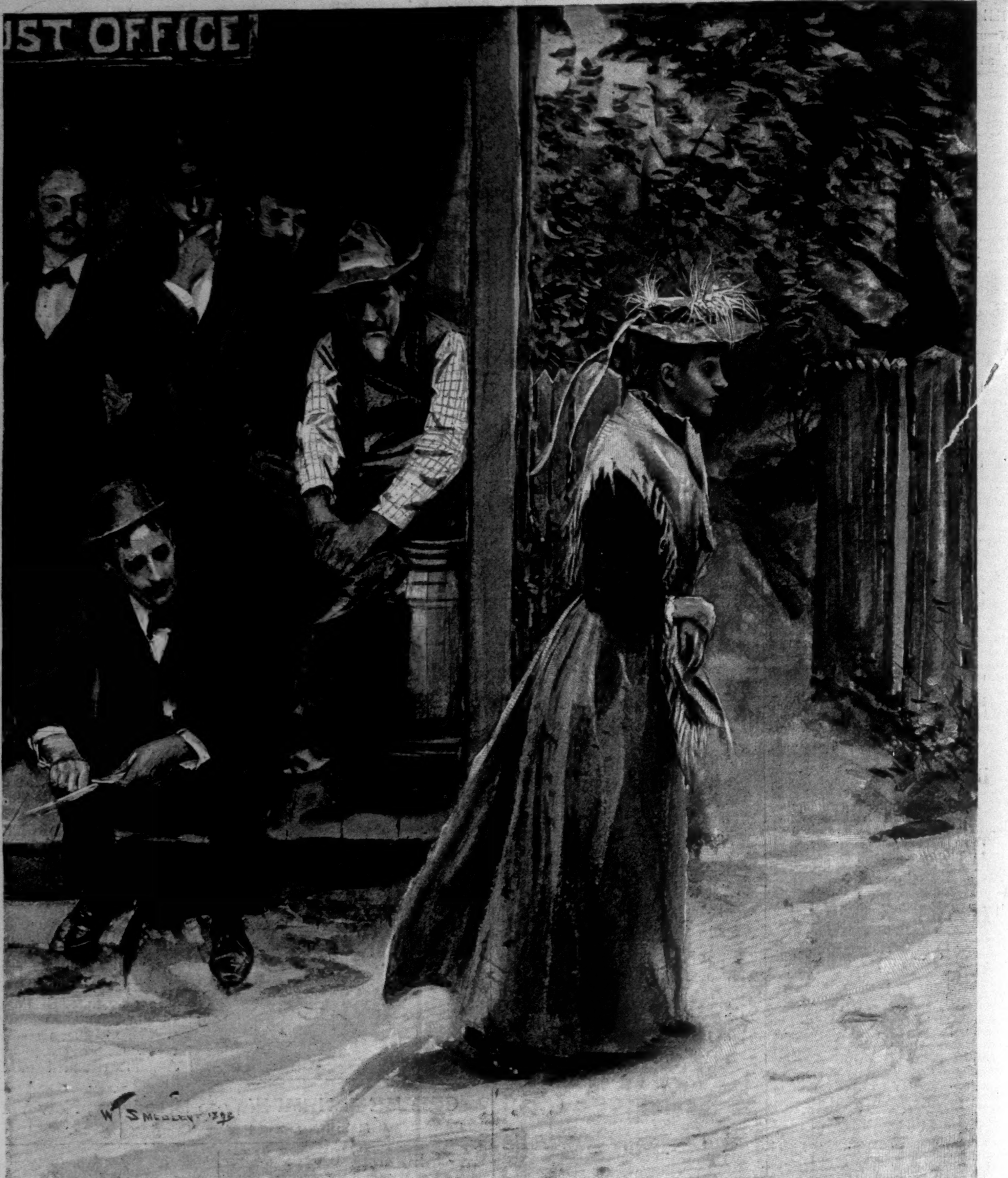


"UNTO THE GREEN HOLLY."

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.—ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

NO one could understand it. If she had been beautiful, or bright, or well connected, or rich, the village might have found the whole matter plain. But when Vint Nichols fell in love with her there was distinctly nothing in her looks or circumstances to afford a reasonable base for the young man's action. For she was little and spare, with a small clay-colored face, from which dull brown eyes stared with a sort of doglike pathos. And her hair had the peculiarly dead flaxen hue which is directly intimative of sunless rooms and meagre food. Her very attire, even in the estimate of the small village, where the great elementary fact of fashion existed only in modest sort, was lamentably poor.

On the day when Nichols first saw her she was toiling up the steep hill road, clad in a chocolate-colored frock which showed about the skirt yellowish streaks indicative of let-out tucks. A thin shawl pointed its threadbare fringes between her narrow shoulders, and her heap of hazy hair was half hid in a limp hat piteously trimmed with dejected-looking grasses.

The group of men on the post-office porch suspended talk to observe her.

"Kind of a sorry-looking little trick," remarked a man in jeans. "Visiting up yender at Bailey's."

"Any kin to them?" asked Nichols, quickly. He had caught the briefest glimpse of the face under that poor hat—a face so wan, so sad, and yet so appealingly childish that something tugged at his heart.

"Heh? Er—yes. Sort of second cousin to Bailey, I hear tell," pursued the other, happy to furnish information to a man so flourishing in worldly matters as was Nichols. One's cap may well be doffed to a fellow-being who owns a stave-yard and two buckers. "This yere girl's name's Clarissy Mosely. She's from Lincoln County. 'Pears like she's got a step-mam, and the old lady's always a-picking at her, and so Clarissy aims to strike out for herself. Bailey 'lows she lays off to locate here if she kin git sewing to do."

Nichols, with his hands constrainedly pocketed, gazed after the little figure going up the hill road. The evening sun shone through the highway dust, casting about the girl's feet a haze of gold in which she seemed to float. Before her the tall Kentucky knobs rose barren with late fall. Clumps of dull red brush burned lustily in ledges of the rocks, but below in the river bottoms, where most of the hamlet lay, only an occasional stubble field took the eye with a touch of vivid color. The South Fork lay thick and swart, ribbed at its banks with bleached logs. Piles of lumber sat about, gray and square as tombs. Like distant pastoral pipes the mill saws rang sweet and high. Presently a whistle blew shrill. From the various small houses came smells of cooking. It was supper-time, and men in blue blouses began to appear at the gates of the mill.

It was an accustomed scene to Nichols. From the inn doors, the stave-office window, and the store porch—that Mecca of village bachelordom—he had viewed this evening outlook many times as a dull, unromantic vista. Now on a sudden it had meaning. Those mean houses were homes. That thread of smoke denoted a hearth at which folk who loved each other gathered. The thin crooning of a voice in a cottage hard by struck him to the soul. It was the lullaby of a woman who clasped her baby to her breast.

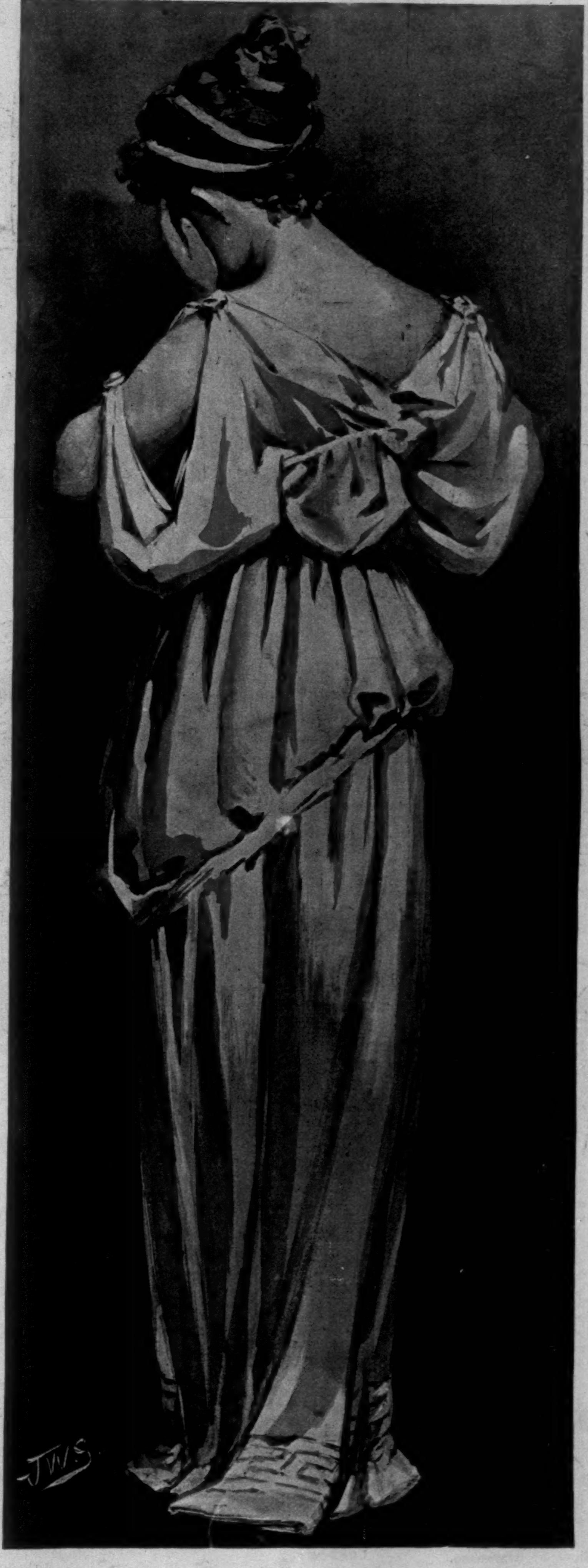
Nichols's young face paled a little. He drew his cap over his eyes, and turned into the road to speak to Bailey, the sawyer, just then coming up from the mill shoot.

Something later, Bailey, entering his own domain, a pea-green edifice of one story, pointed a jocular finger at his second cousin.

"You're going to hev comp'ny to-night, Clarissy!" he announced. And as the girl looked at him confusedly, he winked reassurance. "She's got a beau, Clarissy hez," he explained to his wife as she poured the coffee. "'Y Gee! the best-fixed man in town!" In a prophetic burst he added: "I reckon you won't need to chase round after nobody's sewing, Clarissy. Nichols was mighty int'rusted

(*Continued on page* 1211.)

"Disfigured for Life"



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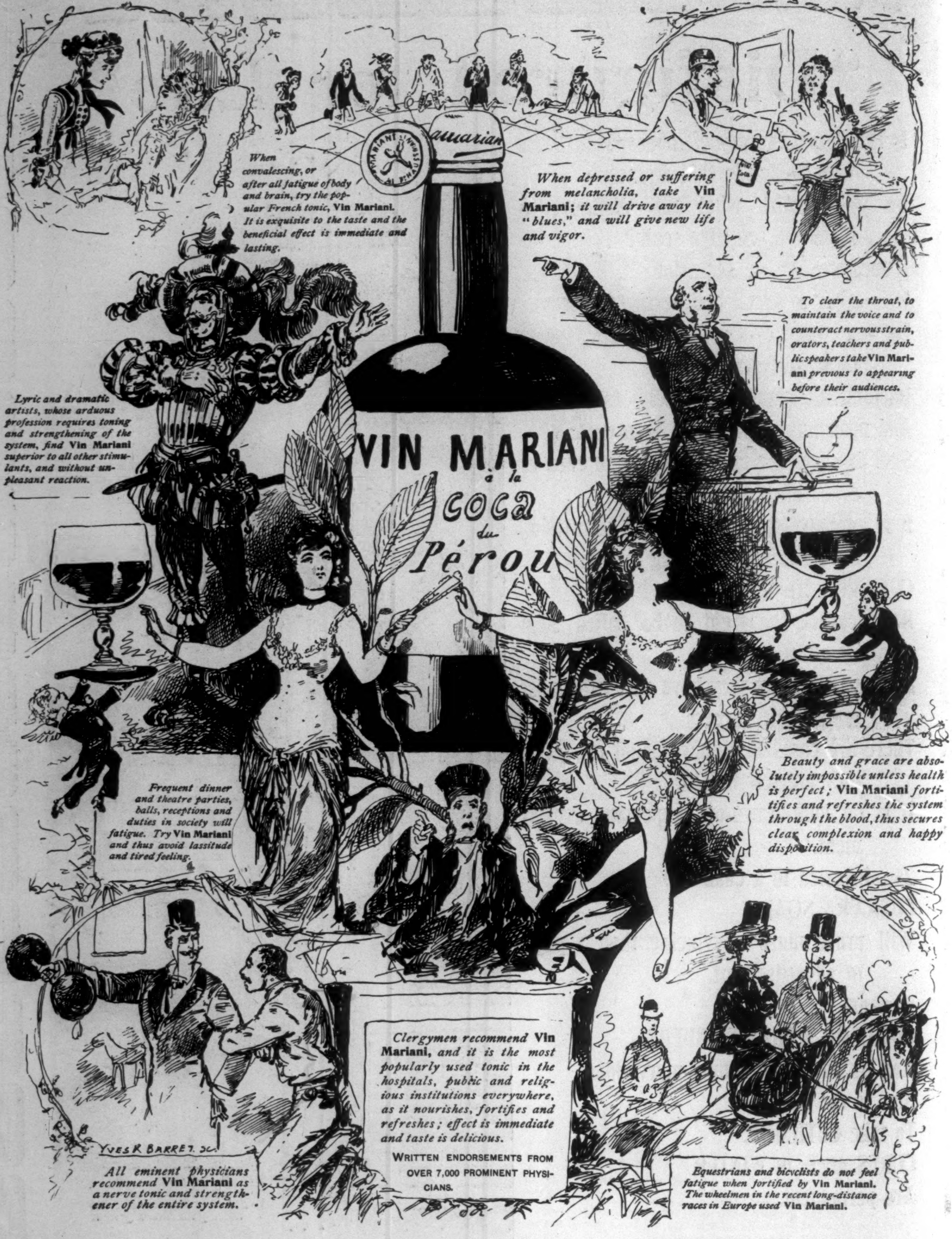

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(*Continued from page 1208.*)

about you. Well, sirs, it ain't always the reddest-cheeked girls that catches 'em."

This view proved less vividly fanciful than it seemed to Clarissa in the hearing. For that night, as the stars crept out, peering over the Cumberland's heights and glassing themselves in its turgid water, Nichols came up the road to the Bailey cottage. He came obviously as a suitor. The neck-scarf at his throat was of the pale lavender hue sacred in village regions to those who trim their ways for love. From his pocket a stiff handkerchief displayed four white peaks. His dark head was bedewed with liquid odors, and his boots, above an honest rim of red mud, cast off dazzling gleams.

Clarissa, with her lean hands clinched in embarrassment, sat mute and scared. She had been so evilly handled by her step-mother that an outcast state was the only state to which she was able to accommodate herself. She made no effort at speech. She was too dazed for gayety, for any of those encouraging blandishments which Mrs. Bailey afterwards urgently advocated.

"Why 'n earth didn't you say somethin' pleasant, Clarissy? You set like a stone statute, so you did, and him fahly talkin' himse'f hoarse! Tell you what it is, men's right like bees: they're huntin' sugar, not vinegar. You got to step up to 'em lively! I'd never in the livin' world hev got Bailey if I hedn't jest natchelly kept a-palaverin' and wheedlin' of him till he skercely knowed where he was at. You got to keep right at 'em; for they're mighty oncertain, men is, and if one girl won't toss 'em a kiss there's others thet will. So you better watch out."

"I don't know how to do," gasped Clarissa, bewildered at the brilliancy of the chance which she, through ignorance of ways and wiles, was conjecturally letting slip.

One evening she and Nichols were walking along the cliff road. Far down below them the village lay half seen in the twilight. A dimness of sunset crimson folded the dark western hills. Everything was motionless and quiet, except that a bat, restlessly whirring across the fading crimson, seemed still to feel the fret and fever of the day.

Nichols walked in a small gait to keep step with Clarissa, who loitered at his side, a little sprite, almost spectral in her austere delicacy of line and color. Her face was shyly lifted. The flaxen hair frayed about her brows like a silvery nimbus about the face of a Virgin of the Botticellian type. Against her slight frame her lax skirts sagged. She kept her heavy eyelids down, being half afraid to gaze openly at the figure beside her, arrayed in a brand-new suit, and with a neck-scarf of tenderly suggestive hue below its chin.

Suddenly a gray twig, catching at her skirt, rose in the path with a snakelike twist. Clarissa uttered a cry, and caught at Nichols's sleeve.

"It was only a loose branch," he reassured her, agitatedly clasping her small clinging hand; "but say, oh, Clarissa, you'll let me take care of you always, won't you?"

Coming to the village ear, this betrothal was altogether unaccountable. No one could make out "what on yearth Vint Nichols see in thet pore little skite of a Mosely gyrl." And, indeed, the Mosely girl was herself more surprised than any one else. She had been shut in a dungeon of despair; she had expected no prince; and behold, here were the sound of silver trumpets, a cloth of purple, and the royal suite doing obeisance. She felt like bending the knee and lifting pressed palms. Then, as Nichols insisted on being himself the slave, Clarissa suffered a curious revulsion of sentiment. She permitted herself to be adored, and actually developed a right queenly air of condescension in her bearing toward her lover.

"Blame if she don't wind Nichols round her little finger!" speculated Bailey. "She'll rule the roast in that house."

"It 'll be a house wuth rulin'," returned his wife. "Nichols hev bought the best lot in town, and he aims to put up a two-story house with piazzers. Law, well! Some's born to luck. Only, if I was Clarissy, I'd hate to live acrost from that old house of Saler's—a grave in its front yard, and all. It 'd give me the shakes, Clarissy."

Clarissa, with dignified unconcern, looked toward the site of her future home. The lot sloped a little over the hill's brow. Just beyond it, in a thicket of beeches, the old Saler cottage slanted its clapboarded roof. Gray lichens scaled the eaves, and blistered the ancient walls like fossil tears. A scrap of broken window blinked into the weedy yard, the further end of which showed always a myrtle-green spot, darkly evident beneath a gnarled rose-tree. Whether there was snow about, or the pale freshness of spring, the deep verdancy of summer, or the party-colored drifting of autumn leafage, that spot lay always in view. Saler's little daughter had slept for forty years under those myrtle sprigs. She had been only a baby when she died; but though Saler had moved to another town, and was old and case-hardened in business pursuits, he still remembered the dimpled little thing who had been lowered so long ago into that rifted garden end.

"I'll get him to sell the place, and we'll tear the old thing down," said Nichols.

"I'll never consent to build opposite unless you do," said Clarissa, firmly. "It would make me miserable to have that rickety hut across the road. It's in frightful repair. And that grave! Oh, of course the place must be torn down!"

"Certainly," acquiesced Nichols, with great decision.

Day by day the walls of his new house rose in pine-hued prominence against the green hill-side. On a certain summer morning he and Clarissa, returning from a wedding journey to Lexington, passed over the freshly painted threshold of the lavender-colored structure, and were at home to their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

"I never laid eyes onto no such stuffed chairs as you got, Clarissy," said Mrs. Bailey, on her first visit. "And lace curtings and a organ! Well, some's born to luck! You'd ought to thank your God, Clarissy, for givin' you a man like you got, and a house with water in the kitchen."

"I shall never be happy," said Clarissa, smoothing down the folds of her pink cambric frock, "till that Saler house is torn down. We've made him offers, but he won't sell. And I can't look out without seeing those broken windows and that baby's grave. Oh dear! Sometimes I just know I see something white flickering through the brush yonder—a little ghost!"

Mrs. Bailey rose with dignity.

"You're plumb crazy," she remarked, with easy candor. "By the time you got a teethin' baby of your own you won't hev time to see ghosts. You better quit complainin', and try to make Vint happy. Husbands and sweethearts ain't the same thing. You may ketch a man with a purse of your lips, but it takes the grip of the hull jaw to holt him."

Clarissa tossed her head. The flaxen hair was prettier now than it had been, and a generous diet had brought a rosy glow to Clarissa's cheeks. Her lips were lined with pink, and her eyes were dark and bright.

"You are handsomer than ever," Nichols said daily to his wife. "Is it—oh, Clarissa, is it because you are happier?"

"I can never be really happy while that old house scowls at me daily," replied Clarissa, slipping coldly from her husband's arms. Nichols sighed. She was always, materially and spiritually, slipping coldly from him.

Her ambition perpetually stimulated him to new business ventures. She had never before felt in her hand the reins of the steed of fortune, and in the exhilaration of the novel experience Clarissa was riding rather recklessly.

"If Saler won't sell, we *will*," she exclaimed. "Let's buy up on the hill, Vint, and build a bigger house. I want double parlors."

"I reckon we'll have to wait till next year," said Nichols. "I'm a little in debt—building and all. Every cent I got is invested in staves. I've got a big drive up river waiting for rain." He looked paler and thinner than when he had wooed Bailey's young cousin. Business cares sat heavy upon him in these autumn days, and his vision strained to the far horizon which lay beyond the time of "tides." The two buckers in his yards stood silent, waiting hungrily for those rough slips of oak that lay upstream. In his dreams Nichols saw their corrugated pistons in activity, their double blades skimming off the staves to smooth concavity. Nichols laughed in his sleep, thinking of the pyramid of bucked staves that should rise in his yards.

Drouth lasted long. Then little rains came, but too little to speak of.

"Oh, for a long wet spell!" sighed Nichols.

"Rain!" said Clarissa, playing a small tune on the organ. "This hole of a village is bad enough when it's clear. When the rain sets in—well, I don't know how I'll stand that awful old Saler house then." She twitched her shoulder a little as Nichols bent to kiss her good-by. "Oh, how foolish you are!" said Clarissa.

On a sudden the weather changed. The skies knotted themselves together like the brows of one in anguish. Lightnings shackled the hills. The earth was shrouded in sheets of rain. Day and night it poured, upriver and down, and those who had prayed for a big Christmas "tide" felt that the gods were propitious. But even while Christmas buying went on briskly at the village store, and firs were cut down from distant hill-sides, and great bunches of mistletoe were carried to the school-house to deck the barren room for holiday "exercises"—even while all this was forward, a great fear fell on those who had timber afloat.

The "tide" was too heavy. Suddenly came word, too, of a freshet that would be upon the booms by nightfall—the very nightfall when children were wide-eyed with expectation of the morrow's gifts.

"Christmas eve!" muttered Nichols, as he watched the treacherous river foam over its banks, and saw the wild redness of the countless lanterns alongshore, and listened to the shouts of the men leaping from log to log, or working with the boom-ropes, or tipping about in little skiffs among the loosened drift. Nichols, armed with a pike-pole, and half sick and dizzy with cold and weariness and dread, steadied himself as a shout rang from the opposite float.

"She's catching it from above! Look out for the boom! Is that you, Nichols? God A'mighty, man! Your staves are slippin' through the boom like snowflakes. No use; we can't holt 'em in."

Nichols leaned forward. A sudden flood swept between the melting banks, and he saw a current sharp with the edges of thousands of staves floating airily out toward the deep sea. A wild laugh seemed to haunt the chill air. It was the time of Christmas cheer. Nichols could see the lighted store windows full of toys and balsamic greenery. Further off burned a smaller light in the room where Clarissa sat at ease. Through the darkness her face, careless, unloving, yet to him so sweet, rose with eyes of menace. He had hoped to do so much for her, and he had lost everything.

Nichols groaned as he stumbled against a great coil of rope and sank upon it. An intolerable desire for rest stole over him. Through the anguish of his soul he seemed, strangely enough, to see the myrtle-hidden couch where Saler's little daughter slept so well. To sleep—that was it—to sleep! He cast a dull eye on the river, which, even as he looked, softened to the likeness of a dark, dimpled arm held out to receive him. Clarissa sat warm and safe at home. If he, Nichols, yielded to the murmuring invitation of the river, if he closed with its swift embrace, and drank its sweet fierce kiss, and was whirled away in a delirious passion of death, perhaps then Clarissa would forgive him?

Some men passed, and saw the crouching figure by the coil of rope.

"Keep your eye onto him, Joe," said one. "It's Vint Nichols. He's lost his pile to-night. Cuss a mounting stream, anyhow!"

Up in her bright sitting-room Clarissa, indeed, sat as Nichols imagined her. She was idly practising on the organ. Some one knocked. The door burst open, and Mrs. Bailey stood excitedly on the threshold.

"Clarissy! my goodness! are you a-playin' chunes when men's lives is in danger?" she cried, casting her wet shawl back. Clarissa had risen. She had paled a little, and stood catching at the collar of her crimson gown.

"I don't know what you mean," she stammered.

"Mean!" vociferated Mrs. Bailey. "Hain't you heard tell of the freshet? Everything's sweepin' through the boom. Wilkins's boy is drownded, and thar ain't a man on the river to-night but takes his life in his hands. Your man's lost every splinter of wood he had afloat. I just got word he was actin' like he was plumb deranged—and *you*—you dressed up to kill, a-playin' music like Babylon hisself. I asks God to forgive me for marryin' kin of yourn, so I do, Clarissy Nichols!" She broke off, panting.

Clarissa had grown white as the thread of ribbon in her shining hair. Her eyes stared large and dazed. She tottered as if she would have fallen; and then, still tremulous, sped suddenly forward, and past the portly figure in the doorway.

"Clarissy!" cried Mrs. Bailey, scared and confused. The wind howled back at her as she peered into the whirling rain, but the darkness had already swallowed the slight small form of Nichols's wife.

Down on the river confusion reigned. Everywhere was red-streaked darkness, and the clamor of rain and rushing water. Men's voices rose loud and insistent; but Nichols, sitting on the rope coil, heard and saw only vaguely. The sound that reached him most definitely was the siren voice of the river, forever murmuring its rhythm of rest, forever mixing its utterance with Nichols's memory of another voice, as sweet but less concerned to give him a hint of love or peace. Clarissa would not care. Nichols, rising rapidly, stumbled nearer the verge of the stream. As he moved, two figures appeared on the bank behind him. In the hand of one a lantern swung, pricking the gloom with dozens of flaming needles.

"There he is—there's Nichols," said a man's tones.

"Where?" said a softer voice. In the red-shot dusk something in crimson garments took shape—something with drenched long hair blowing out in the wet wind. "Where?" said the soft voice. And then Nichols, leaning over the river's edge, felt a clasp of sudden fingers on his arm. Clarissa's wet hair blew up against his face, but through its meshes he saw her white cheeks, her slight throat, and parted lips. Was it Clarissa? Clarissa with such a look in her eyes as stilled the very beating of his heart?

"Vint!" she said; "Vint!"

"It's all lost," he stammered, confused by her tenderness of modulation. "Home, everything. I risked all—and lost. I wanted you to have everything—I—"

"I have everything I want!" sobbed Clarissa against Nichols's dripping shoulder. "Everything! And if the house is gone—we can live somewhere else." She paused, and broke into a low laugh. "Vint," she cried, "Saler will rent us his cottage. We'll mend the fence and fix the windows. I know now why that place worried me so—it was begging for curtains and pots of geraniums and paint and soapsuds."

Nichols gazed at her, half forgetting, in the warmth at his heart, that they were not really going to be so romantically poor as Clarissa fancied.

"You forget," he said, "dear, you forget Saler's daughter."

"I shall plant roses over her," breathed Clarissa, "poor little baby! And to-morrow—ah, Vint, to-morrow!—I'm going to lay a wreath of holly on her little lonely grave, so she'll have a share in the happy, happy Christmas we're going to keep."

AN IGNOBLE "SPORT."

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

I CONFESS that I begrudge using the word sport, even guarded by quotes, when the crust hunter whom Mr. Heming has brought before us so vividly is the subject under discussion. I have no toleration of "crusters," except where an empty camp-kettle has made meat a necessity.

"Crusting" is the winter device of the butcher who in summer turns his unsportsmanlike attention to "jacking."

Possibly some of my readers do not know what is "crusting"; my sincere wish is they never will know by experience; and for these a few words of explanation. The "cruster," sometimes incorrectly called a sportsman by the unenlightened, is a man whose sole conception of sport is to kill; the chase of his quarry he considers uninteresting and tiresome work; to him the matching of the hunter's woodcraft against the animal's cunning and naturally keener ears and nose means nothing whatever. What he wants to do is to kill, and if the animals were all tied fast and hard to trees, so that he could in safety split their heads with an axe, it would suit him all the better. So long as he gets the deer or elk or moose that he is after, it makes no difference by what means he attains his end.

The same qualities that make the "cruster" are found also in the man who plays foul on the football field, who abuses his horse or dog, or who as manager or captain of a college team permits the playing of an ineligible man. In my trips about this country, which with rifle and shot-gun have taken me pretty much all over it, I cannot call to mind a sportsman of my acquaintance who had not as boy and man "played fair" first and last. I can remember, on the other hand, men who as boys had not played fair, and as men fell far short of being sportsmen. If ever I wanted to know a man thoroughly I should go afield with him; and, by-the-way, that leads up to the thought of what an exceedingly profitable field for young women to cultivate!

It is when the snow is fairly deep, crowned with a crust strong enough to bear the man though not his quarry, that the cruster goes forth in all his diabolical glory. He revels in the prospect of a "kill," for he knows when once the trail is found the slaughter is certain to follow. It may be only half an hour, as oftentimes it is with deer; it may be for an hour or two, if it is a moose; but the hunter knows that with the crust cutting its legs at every plunge, the poor beast will eventually wear itself out and stand at bay exhausted. This is the time when the cruster reaches the climax of his triumph, for the worn-out creature stands shivering before him, and he may take his ease in the killing. It is a poor sort of man indeed who finds pleasure or profit in crusting!

There are many different degrees in crusting, where the time of chase and facility of killing are more or less long or easy, but they all lead to the one result. Crusting is about as much sport as it might be to tie a tin can to a dog's tail, and then turn him loose in thick underbrush for the other dogs in the neighborhood to chase.

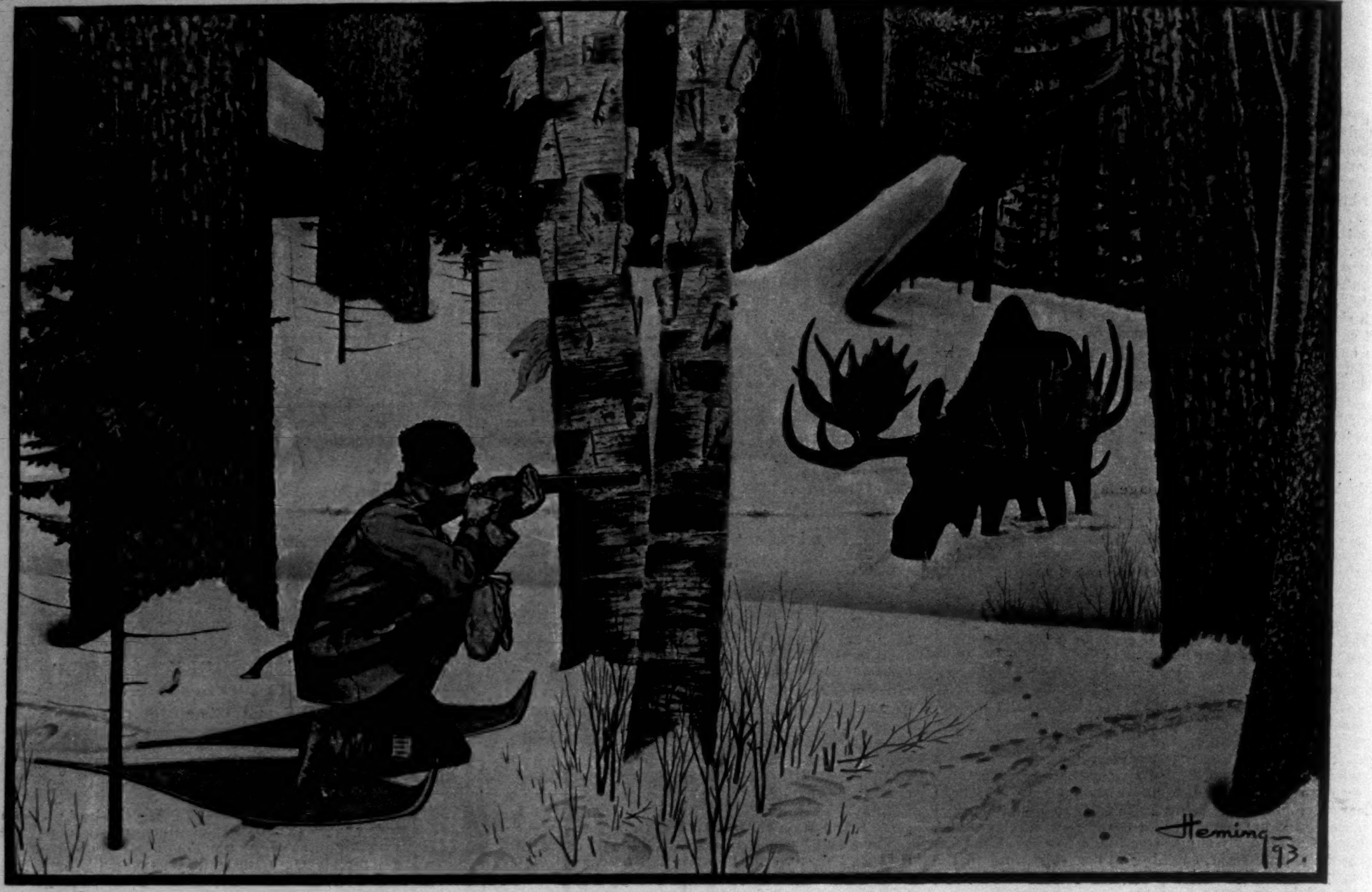
The favorite time for the cruster is when with several feet of snow on the ground there comes a thaw, followed by a hard freeze. An icy crust forms which, when broken, scrapes and cruelly cuts the legs of the frantic animal.

The degree of cruelty in crusting depends entirely on the depth of snow and quality of crust. It is all butchery, but the victim may have a longer run, until it is finally exhausted, if the snow is not deep or the crust very hard.

Crusting is oftentimes misapplied to hunting on snowshoes when there is but a foot or eighteen inches of snow, with no pronounced crust. Under these conditions the sportsman is decidedly the more handicapped of the two, for there is slight, if any, resistance to the moose and elk, and even the deer can travel through such snow at a turn of speed that soon carries them where the most expert snowshoers will not molest them until after at least several hours of hard tramping.

With snow in this condition, it is still-hunting with the advantage the tracks give, but as an offset the sportsman has decidedly the disadvantage in locomotion; he cannot begin to go so rapidly on the Canadian or web shoe (such as the hunter in the illustration wears) as without them on the bare ground, and Norwegian shoes are very awkward to handle in timber.

When the snow is very deep and the crust hard, crusting is in its vilest phase. At such a time deer will take but a few bounds before they sink exhausted, elk will persevere longer, and moose will stand the fatigue and pain the longest of all; but even they will probably not be able to keep at it more than half an hour, if that, and the cruster, if he be only moderately expert on shoes, may travel within revolver-shot all the way. It is like sticking a beef to kill a moose under such conditions.



AT BAY—RUN DOWN BY A CRUST HUNTER.—DRAWN BY A. H. H. HEMING.

A crust strong enough to enable a deer to escape would of course fail to support the weight of a moose, while drifts of snow that would stop a deer, the long-legged moose would trot through with slight concern.

There are conditions when the crusting of moose contains an element of danger, and those are when the snow is not deep enough to make the going of the beast a succession of plunges, and the crust is not hard enough to cut his legs severely. This would be when the snow was, say, about two and a half feet deep; with a fairly hard crust, but not one that has resulted from a thaw. The cruster does not favor these conditions, for it means, if he gets on the track of a moose, an all-day's tramp at least—possibly longer—and very likely an exciting time at the finish.

The moose starts off at his ungainly but ground-covering trot, and at a pace that no man on shoes, be he never so expert, can equal. But unless he is a novice at crusting he knows that after an hour or so the moose will slow down, for it is a wearisome gait in this going even for such long legs. As the hours wear away, persistent pursuit and the hard travelling begin to have their effect on the moose; his legs are becoming tender from the continual scraping of the well-packed snow, and his humor grows dangerous. He is getting tired and savage. Very likely he will make a stand now and then and look toward the cruster, who by this time is not very far behind, but the poor animal is more apt to keep on going until, worn out, he stops and faces about, determined to test the fighting quality of this solitary pursuer.

This is the time when the cruster had best beware, for the moose has a villanous temper when brought to bay, and often has still enough energy left to charge and to give his persecutor on snow-shoes as dangerous a few moments as ever he had. He will do well to draw near his quarry cautiously, being careful to keep near some tree, up which he can shin in case his first shot does not kill.

It is at just such a moment that Mr. Heming has sketched his cruster; and the sullen defiance of the moose, with his bristling mane, means that the hunter will have to do some very lively scrambling or rapid shooting should he not bring the old savage down with the first shot. This cruster, however, seems to be no tenderfoot, for he has a friendly tree at hand in case of necessity, and is taking a long, sure aim.

Notwithstanding a fairly prevalent idea to the contrary, it has been my experience, and that of most of the sportsmen I have known, that moose will not charge you except when extremely harassed; though the first moose I killed kept me on his trail in Wyoming from one morning at daybreak until the sun was about two hours high the next, and then gave me a very unpleasant few moments, charging me furiously, and requiring two bullets from my good "old reliable" 40–90 Sharps. But Theodore Roosevelt puts the case properly in saying that moose differ as widely as men in courage and ferocity.

To my mind there is no sport that equals hunting moose. No game is so difficult to stalk, unless it be the white-tail deer; the chase of these two greatly surpasses all other still-hunting in the skill required and the excitement furnished, save, possibly, the pursuit of that wonderfully elusive creature, the Rocky Mountain sheep. But all that is "another story." If I have shown one crust hunter the error of his ways, the mission of this article is accomplished.

AMATEVR · SPORT

THE FUTILE CRUSADE AGAINST FOOTBALL into which the editor of the New York *Evening Post* has recently flung himself with well-developed hysteria and a Roget's Thesaurus would hardly excite comment were it not that undoubtedly many worthy readers of the *Post* are as ignorant—if less irascible—on the subject as is the editor. I pass over the diatribe of a Philadelphia medical trade journal as too absurd even for censure. Mr. Godkin must have been put to sore straits for argument to quote such a hodgepodge of misstatement and ignorance. Nor is it my purpose here to enter into a lengthy refutation of the *Post's* many absurd misstatements about the game. Any student of the times, any common-sensed man who keeps his eyes and ears open, knows perfectly well, without my telling him, that football and all athletics have done and are doing magnificent work for the physical development and moral betterment of our boys and young men all over the country.

IF MR. GODKIN REALLY DOUBTS this I commend to him the editorial columns of the New York *Sun* and *Tribune*, where recently much good matter on this subject has been printed; and further, to him and to all who question my statement, I commend the Superintendent of the Young Men's Christian Association, which, with its branches all over America, has been one of the most active workers in the good cause. But these facts are patent to all save the editor of the *Post*, who writes,

> "But the fact is that, however valuable football may be as a means of moral and physical discipline, none of the universities profit by it."

The veriest tyro of a reporter on the *Post's* staff could have told his chief better; the faculties of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and of every college in the country would have been glad to tell him how athletics, of which certainly football is an integral part, have elevated the general morale of the undergraduate body by absorbing the animal spirits that formerly were wasted in dissipation. Still further, the reporter could have informed Mr. Godkin that American and English universities have none of the duelling and sanguinary scandals common in European colleges, where football and athletics are not practised; he could also have told him that only so recently as December 1st the Bavarian War Minister at Berlin publicly declared it to be impossible to do away with duelling; that if it were abolished "men would have recourse to fisticuffs," and I might add that if football were introduced, there would be no need for legislation on duelling.

A MAN ARGUES HIMSELF AN IGNORAMUS when he disputes the value of athletics at our schools and universities in the moral and physical development of boys and young men. There is no need of a sermon on this subject to any thinking father who remembers his own boyhood.

Wading through the columns of vituperation which the *Post* and some of the provincial papers on its exchange list have printed against football, I am able to discover but three points at issue: 1. Does the game play an important part in the education of the boy? 2. Is it brutal? 3. Is the tide of popular favor setting against it?

I have already answered the first. We must have the game; we need it. As for the third, pick up any Western, Southern, or Eastern paper in season and note the attendance at the game and the amount of space the newspaper gives to it.

Now as to the game being brutal. Distinctly it is not, as played by thoroughly trained and competently coached teams. It may be and in some instances has been made brutal, but the same men could make any game brutal. Much has been made by the *Post* over several sad deaths resulting from accidents on the football field. From all I can learn, however, only one received his hurt in a scrimmage, and he was not in condition to play. Most of the "serious accidents" result from a reporter's desire to wax sensational and fill space.

THERE ARE TWO CHARGES which may be brought against the game and sustained: one, that as it has been growing in the last few years it absorbs too much time of the students; the other, that there is not enough open and too much closed or "mass" play.

Both of these matters will be remedied in the coming year.

Any game that develops so enormously and so rapidly as has football must of a necessity require new rules, as experience teaches their need. But these are to be made only after very careful and thorough consideration by practical level-headed men, and not by a hysterical editor who knows nothing of the game, or of the grand work athletics are doing for Young America.

Wedges, and all mass plays, flying plays, and interference, will be legislated upon before the next season opens.

And again I wish to propose the University Athletic Club to all colleges as a balance-wheel in this kind of legislation. I regard the club, with its Board of Governors composed of the most prominent and ablest alumni advisers, as the balance-wheel of college sport.

It is my opinion that this is the very time when it should act, by calling a congress of university men competent to consider and advise on football legislation. The opinions of fifty men such as the club could gather would be invaluable.

As for the time spent on the football field, that also will receive attention, and next year we shall see the game develop along more skilful and more interesting lines.

Let us have an end, therefore, to all this sensational hullabaloo about the game being tabooed. Football will not die out, never fear; it is more firmly implanted in our affections than ever; it will continue to be improved as we learn by experience, and athletics will continue to fill an important rôle in making us "the people."

WHILE THE "EVENING POST'S" FOOTBALL EDITOR, Mr. Godkin, has been allowing his imagination to run riot in sensational accounts of the appalling "brutality of football," I have been busy gathering statistics throughout the country of just how frightful have been the "shocking calamities" of this "terrible" game, and how widespread the "wave of indignation" about which he has been telling his readers. I have written to a trustworthy and painstaking correspondent at the representative colleges of the different sections of the country, and I will let them tell the story in their own language.

University of Virginia:

> "The men are in very good condition, nor have we had any kind of an accident that laid any one off, notwithstanding the fact that our grounds are very hard."

University of Michigan:

> "We have had no serious accidents here this fall. Several men have suffered with bruises and sprains at various times, but all are nearly well now, and there is not one of them who will not be perfectly sound in a few weeks. We have had this fall ten different class and department teams, and played the hard game taught by Yale coachers."

University of Wisconsin:

> "Our record as to accidents this year is a clear one. Each man has played in his place from the beginning of the season till the end, and each has come off without a hurt. During the season we have substituted in games just three times, and the men laid off at those times mended in a day or two so as to go back to practice. In practice games we have been just as fortunate, no one having received any injury of account on our campus. I say fortunate, but it is rather through good handling. Mr. Davis of Princeton has been with us this year and conducted the train-

(*Continued on page* 1214.)

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In **SPECIAL LINES** the highest order of talent will be drawn upon for contributions. Hon. CARL SCHURZ, F. R. COUDERT, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, HORACE WHITE, Senator WOLCOTT, Congressman JOHN DEWITT WARNER, JULIAN RALPH, GEORGE W. CHILDS, JOSEPH H. CHOATE, Col. T. A. DODGE, U.S.A., Lieut.-Commander J. D. J. KELLEY, U.S.N., EMILIO CASTELAR, Rev. J. M. BUCKLEY, D.D., Prof. F. W. TAUSSIG, of Harvard University, Prof. RICHARD T. ELY, Prof. JOSEPH JASTROW, and LAURENCE HUTTON are among those who have made the present volume notable, and there will be no falling off in this respect the coming year.

The first **SERIAL STORY** of the year will be by MARY E. WILKINS, and is one of the strongest pieces of work that she has ever done.

SHORT STORIES will continue to be an important feature. The contributors to the present volume include such names as RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, A. CONAN DOYLE, WALTER BESANT, Miss MURFREE, JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, WILL CARLETON, T. A. JANVIER, BRANDER MATTHEWS, the MARQUESS OF LORNE, HOWARD PYLE, and EVA WILDER MCGLASSON, and these will be reinforced in 1894 by several names new to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SUPERB ILLUSTRATIONS will be presented by such distinguished artists as W. T. SMEDLEY, A. B. FROST, FREDERIC REMINGTON, HOWARD PYLE, C. S. REINHART, ALBERT E. STERNER, T. DE THULSTRUP, W. H. HYDE, R. CATON WOODVILLE, CHARLES GRAHAM, VICTOR PERARD, R. F. ZOGBAUM, P. S. NEWELL, H. M. WILDER, and E. W. KEMBLE.

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The departments of **AMATEUR SPORT** and **THIS BUSY WORLD** will remain as important features of the paper.

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AMATEUR SPORT.—*(Continued from page 1212.)*

ing of our men. From my experience and observation on the gridiron, I believe that football is no more dangerous or brutal than most other athletic games when played as it should be with proper instruction. There have been two fatal accidents from the game in the West this season, but both came from gross carelessness. One was at Delevan, and the man killed was a "deaf mute," and, of course, out of his sphere, as a football-player needs all his five senses. The other was a Duluth high-school boy, who was untrained, and knew really nothing of the game. I feel I can say that the men have been improved fifty per cent. in appearance from what they were when they commenced training in the fall. They have all stood the season's work without any apparent inconvenience, have kept up their work in the university, and are among the best students in it."

University of Iowa:

"Our team began training September 24th, and has had many hard games; but our men, although not in the strictest of training, have finished the season's work in good physical condition. But one of the players has had a day's sickness since the season opened. The only severe injuries sustained by our team were a broken nose, received by a 'scrub' in a practice game, and an injured ear. The men are now in the best physical condition they have been in this year."

Lake Forest University (Illinois):

"Our accidents this year have been few, and not of any serious nature. In seven regular games only two players have received any injury, and both of these were not serious. Spraining the ankle or the knee sometimes happens, but its effects only last for a day or so. No one has ever been seriously hurt on our teams in four years. Our boys have stood the season splendidly, and express themselves as feeling better physically for the time spent at the game."

Portland, Oregon:

"The only football we have here on this northwestern coast is furnished by the athletic clubs of this city, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington. The games this season have been better than any ever seen here. The football spirit has increased much, and the standard of the game been raised. There have been no accidents except the ordinary bruises and sprains."

Denver, Colorado:

"The Athletic Club team went into training the 1st of September, and the season lasted until Thanksgiving day, the team playing nine hard games. In all these we have only once been actually compelled to retire a man from the game. He was tackled hard, and, in falling, struck on his shoulder and dislocated it. He has entirely recovered, and is able to play as well as ever now. The same experience applies to our opponents, as I think none of them, including the 'varsities of Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Boulder, Golden, and Baker, suffered any serious hurt in any of the contests. I might add that every member of the team expresses himself as pleased at being able to play the game, as he feels it so beneficial to health and spirits. Personally, I believe it to be one of the very best forms of exercise, and that its benefits to the participant are as great mentally as physically, to say nothing of the moral effect of the training."

University of Tennessee:

"We had some very hard games this season. The only injury that amounted to anything was a sprained wrist, and this did not lay our man off but one week. In our Thanksgiving-day game, which was the hardest fought game I ever saw, no one was hurt, sustaining only the bruises generally received in practice. None of our opponents ever received any injuries to amount to anything."

Northwestern University (Illinois):

"Last year we had a team and nine substitutes. Early in the season one of the players, whose nose was slender, had it broken. It was set, and he was able to play in three days, protected by a nose guard, and has not been troubled since. There were three men who had sprained ankles, and a few were bruised some on their legs and body, but none so that they could not play all season. This year two men were hurt early in the season. One wrenched his leg; the other was a man who dissipated and could not be made to train, but had a magnificent physique. He went into the game and played hard, receiving a bruise that made him quit practising. No one on the second eleven, or college, has been badly hurt. Twelve have played on the team and as substitutes for two years, and have received hardly a scratch, never having had time called for them. Six of these have played in every game for two years. I think that the spirit to win at all cost overshadows the true object of the game, namely, physical and *mental* culture. This spirit is what sometimes pollutes college athletics, puts hired athletes in athletic clubs, and prompts one to twist legs or break fingers while underneath a scrimmage."

Dartmouth (New Hampshire):

"Our football team has had a very successful year. Very few accidents have happened, and we have been deprived of the services of only one man on this account, whose injury is not serious. I am fully satisfied that the training has been healthful to the men on the team, and in no instance has it been injurious."

University of Kansas:

"In regard to accidents and the general condition of our team, I would say that outside of a couple of sprained ankles and a broken nose our accidents among thirty-four men amount to nothing. Our men are in better condition now than at any time during the season."

Vanderbilt University (Tennessee):

"We have been exceedingly fortunate this season, as far as accidents are concerned. Only two men have had noses broken, and several received slight sprains or bruises. We are now in splendid physical condition, and I include in this not only the 'varsity eleven, but all the 'scrubs,' amounting to about forty, which is due largely to good handling."

Wake Forest College (North Carolina):

"In regard to the number of players injured here, I will state that three have sprained their ankles, and one an arm. In the case of the sprained arm, it was the second day that the man had ever played, and was due to his lack of knowledge in falling when tackled. I do not hesitate to say that the cause of the three sprained ankles was because of the very rough condition of our grounds. In one instance especially an end rusher fell and sprained his ankle without coming in contact with either ball or player. We have played match games with neighboring institutions for seven years, and never, without a single exception, has a member of the team broken a bone or received other than very slight injury. In addition, it pleases me to state that the members of the team have at all times received the highest honors bestowed by the literary societies, and have taken a fine stand in their class-rooms."

Williams College (Massachusetts):

"During this season we had two men stop playing. One had his collar-bone broken, and the other hurt his leg and was advised to stop. Both have entirely recovered. Our centre was off for a week with a knee out of joint, and a few other men were hurt slightly, but when the season closed every one of them was in better condition and playing better ball than at any other time, and after our last game, with the exception of the half-back, who did most of the rushing, there was not a man laid up from accidents or injuries. When I compare this season with last in baseball, I find that, with the exception of a broken bone, there were no more men hurt on the eleven than on the nine, and since I have been in college (four years) there has been no man who received permanent injuries. It seems to me that the trouble comes to men who are not in regular training."

Brown University (Rhode Island):

"The general physical condition of the Brown team has been very fair, although I certainly am sure we experienced our share of accidents. A number of the regular eleven have been laid up regularly at one time or another, but we have finished the season in good shape."

Amherst (Massachusetts):

"The team stood the season well. We have been entirely free from serious accidents, broken bones, and the like. The principal injuries to the men have been slight muscle bruises and only temporary affairs. We have met very heavy teams this year, where we were clearly outclassed in weight, but in spite of this our injuries were comparatively slight. I can only emphasize the fact that the team has stood the season well, and every man on it is better for his training. I find that people who never saw the game are the ones who cry loudest against it."

University of North Carolina:

"Fifty men started out training for our team this year. Of them all thirty stuck it out through the season. We had numerous accidents, none of which were of a serious nature, and all have entirely recovered. Of course the regular number of sprains and bruises came to the men, but at the close of the season they were in the best physical condition they had ever been in. We have lazy men (indifferent students) that play football, but the men who are looked to as the best are usually those who rank well in their classes. It has been my experience that those who are most violent against football are usually men who are entirely ignorant of the game, and don't want to learn."

Kansas City, Missouri:

"Football in the Missouri Valley has taken great strides towards popularity in the past season. The work of all the teams shows a decided improvement over that of last season, and after careful investigation, I find that while the teams have had the usual accidents—bruises and sprains—that are expected in a game where there is so much muscular effort, all finished in the best physical condition that the men have ever been in, and fathers are as enthusiastic over football as the boys themselves, because of its keeping their sons from the usual dissipation."

San Francisco, California:

"Ten thousand people saw the game between the Leland Stanford University and the University of California on Thanksgiving day, and there is no longer any doubt about the popularity of football out here on the Pacific coast, and among our most cultured people. I have carefully looked into the physical condition and accidents of not only these two universities, but of the teams of the Olympic and Reliance Athletic Clubs, which are the two largest on the coast, one in San Francisco, and the other in Oakland. In the two latter cases the players are principally business men. There have been the usual accidents, though the average of bruises and sprains has been small, but I found all the men in better physical condition at the end of the season than they had ever been, and greatly improved by the play. At the universities the football-players this year have been among our best students. Football on the coast has done a great work in checking youthful dissipation."

NEAR AT HOME, THE STORY is about as these letters show it to be throughout the country. I cannot think of any serious accident that has befallen any member of Princeton, Yale, Harvard, University of Pennsylvania, Lehigh, or Cornell elevens. Princeton played through the season without the loss of a man; Yale went through three of the hardest games any eleven ever played without calling on a substitute until the last part of the second half of the Princeton game, when one of their half-backs, who has had a weak ankle nearly all the season, was retired. Harvard began and ended the season with the same men—Waters and Emmons excepted. Waters had a weak knee half the season, and was thrown out of much practice; he should never have gone into the game at Springfield. Emmons was overtrained, nervous, and half sick, and was hurt in the Pennsylvania game.

Here is a fact for Mr. Godkin and other uninformed carpers to bear in mind: Looking back over ten years of football, we find the hardest games of the year—those between Harvard, Yale, Princeton—to have recorded the least injury to players. And here is another: After careful compilation at Harvard a year or so ago, it was found that of the 3000 students the standard of excellence of athletes for the four years of their course was above the average in class marks.

HARVARD'S GAME AGAINST UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA on Thanksgiving day (26–4) bespoke a desperate determination to redeem their defeat by Yale, and I am frank enough to say that the men themselves rather than their coaches deserve the credit for that victory. From what I have learned since the Springfield game, it appears undeniable that the team was handled with the poorest judgment, the training of the men up to within two weeks of the game ill-advised. They seemed to have no reserved energy, and when a call came for increased effort, as it did in the second half at Springfield, the men could not respond, and went to pieces. This, combined with secretly depending for success on a style of play that was showy, but ineffective against experienced players, all goes to persuade one that the Harvard team this year was miserably managed and badly coached. Not that the individual coachers failed to do their best by the men, but whoever has dominated the policy, whoever has stood as sponsor for Harvard's methods, has, unless my data is all wrong, displayed ignorance of training and of football, as well as a narrow conception of the best means to attain success.

I have commented a little at length to qualify my application of "sand" to the Harvard players last week, because I do not believe that a single man on that team lacked it. It is true that Harvard teams appear to be wanting in that spirit which keeps them at their best in an up-hill fight, but this I consider the result of the present method of training in vogue at Cambridge. Their game against Pennsylvania was snappier and stronger because individually the men were desperate and more confident, and because they were never put to that extreme effort under the steady hammering of a powerful and aggressive opponent. Had Pennsylvania been in mood and condition to play as they did against Princeton and Yale, Harvard would never have scored 26 points. The stumbling-block to Harvard's athletic success (outside of track athletics) has always been a lack of harmony among her graduates capable of coaching. This year there was harmony among a certain few, but the policy that guided them was warped.

TWENTY-SIX TO FOUR IS HARDLY A FAIR SCORE TO Pennsylvania, for the reason that throughout the entire first half the umpire permitted unmistakable off-side play on Harvard's part every time Pennsylvania attempted their flying interference. Harvard started as quickly as the Pennsylvania interferers, and before the ball was in play, so it quite frequently occurred that the crimson forwards were through on the Pennsylvania quarter-back almost as soon as he got the ball from the snap-back. The umpire's (Mr. Gill) attention was called to this during the intermission, and Harvard kept on side in the second half. There is no doubt whatever that this failure of the umpire to rule on off-side play in the first of the game accounts to some extent for the size of Harvard's score. Besides this, the referee allowed 65 instead of 45 minutes of playing in the first half, and it was during the last 20 minutes Harvard made two of their touch-downs.

Pennsylvania did not play the game against Harvard they did against both Yale and Princeton, the men plainly showing they were not "on edge" as they had been in those first two games. They were slow, and the rush-line work poor.

The most notable feature of the day was the almost total abandonment by Harvard of their Deland plays. Pennsylvania started off with the ball, but lost it almost immediately, and by the repeated gains of Brewer and Writhington, were forced back to their 2-yard line. Here Acton fumbled, and Brooke's kick was stopped by Mackey with a safety for Pennsylvania. Then Harvard made steady gains through the centre and around the ends, until Dunlop was pushed over for the first touch-down twenty minutes from the start. Pennsylvania made their one touch-down by Knipe's brilliant 45-yard run from kick-off, around A. Brewer, who had taken Emmons's place, and by the clever working of the on-side kick. At no other time during the game was Harvard's goal in danger.

In the second half more bucking was done by both sides. Harvard made the fourth touch-down in six minutes, but was not able to score again, though twice forcing the ball to Penn's 5-yard line, only to lose it on downs.

A COMPARISON OF THE TEAMS SHOWS HARVARD to have been stronger in the line, while behind the line it was about an even thing. Brewer played the most brilliant game on the field, and showed what he could have done if the insane policy of the Deland tricks had not been persevered in at Springfield, and he had been properly sent, as in '92. He made magnificent runs round the ends and good gains through the centre, was sure on catching, and kicked far better than at Springfield. In punting, Brooke had a little the better of it, though he was not up to Brewer in other respects.

Of the backs, Wrightington, Knipe, Dunlop, and Osgood, the Harvard men, made more ground, but they had much better openings, and were backed up stronger. Knipe was the only Pennsylvania back who, with a few exceptions, made any ground. At quarter, Harvard had much the better of it, Beale playing a remarkable game for a Freshman. In the Yale game he had been very much handicapped by Waters, who, dazed by the rap his head got when tackled, was unable to understand his signals, and gave many himself, resulting, of course, in confusion. Thursday Beale ran the team entirely, and he did well. Lewis played a wonderful game. He was everywhere and in everything, and at the same time captained the team in Waters's stead in a masterly manner. Newell played a very brilliant game. He was in every play, and he and Lewis shared honors in doing the best work of the line men. Stevenson and Emmons outplayed Simmons and Newton. It was a clean game.

THE ANNAPOLIS-WEST POINT GAME at Annapolis, December 2d, would have been a tie had the man who "placed" the ball for Carson done so properly, for it was the easiest kind of a goal to kick. As it was, West Point's failure to get these two points left the score 6–4 in the Naval Cadets favor. It was one of the most remarkable games I think I ever saw. One kept wondering throughout why West Point's line could not block their much lighter opponents. It was a magnificent exhibition of grit and skill against beef, and the former won, as it will almost invariably. It was a most striking and practical illustration of the need of generalship and strategy in any contest. A valuable object-lesson on a mimic battle-ground. When the two teams lined up, the difference of weight in favor of West Point was apparent to the most casual spectator; compared with them the Naval Cadets looked like a prep. school team against a 'varsity eleven. The West-Pointers averaged, I believe, ten pounds a man heavier and three years older, though these figures may not be absolute, as exact statistics are unobtainable.

THE PLAYING OF THE NAVAL CADETS was generally good, but I should say their victory was due chiefly to the accurate passing, excellent interference, hard tackling, and always cool work of quarter-back Bookwalter, the punting of full-back Bagley, the blocking of centre Cavanagh, who had a most difficult man to handle in Ames, and last, but by no means least, to the splendid all-round work of Reeves, right guard. This man played the most brilliant game of the day; he blocked securely, got through and broke up West Point's plays, and was down the field on kicks before the ends. His tackling and falling on the ball gained yards upon yards for the home team. The way Annapolis opened up the heavy West Point line, and sent Davidson and Kimball, both good nervy half-backs, through for gains was little short of surprising. Nor was their offensive work the best feature of Annapolis play; their defensive game was very strong, and their stand against West Point's heavy rushes plucky to a degree. Neither side scored in the first half, although West Point kept the ball in the Naval Cadets' territory most of the time. Annapolis did not gain much in bucking the line during this half, but when West Point had worked the ball toward their goal they would secure it after a determined stand, and then Bagley would punt it well into the Military Cadets' territory. In the second half Annapolis started off with a rush, and carried the ball to West Point's ten-yard line before losing it. But they almost immediately regained it by Bookwalter's pretty breaking through, when, with a few desperate rushes, Kimball was finally pushed over for a touch-down, and Bagley kicked the goal.

WEST POINT RALLIED AT THE KICK OFF, and for the first time in the afternoon their rushes were irresistible. They went straight down the field to Annapolis's goal, through the centre and around the ends, and finally, on a tandem play, Carson scored a touch-down directly between the posts. It was the easiest goal to kick one could possibly have, and all expected a tie game, for there were only a few moments left to play. But the old saw, "There's many a slip," etc., renewed its youth in this instance, and West Point, bitterly disappointed, had four instead of six points, and a defeat instead of a tie. Annapolis played without McCormack and Izard, two of their best men.

Of West Point's play the two most prominent features were the failure of the forwards to give their backs the assistance they should, and the wretched fumbling and muffing, which continually gave the ball to Annapolis. It was really an unusual occurrence for West Point to get the ball on a punt by Annapolis. Neither was their kicking good. Stacy, Shelton, and Creedon all made desperate attempts to advance the ball, and gained much more ground than the Annapolis backs, only to lose all they had made by a fumble which gave the ball to Annapolis, when Bagley would punt it back again, and more often than not West Point would muff, and Annapolis get the ball after a gain of thirty to forty yards with scarcely an effort on their part.

I should like to ask those Army and Navy men who objected to the game on its introduction to the Academies what they think now of football as a developer of soldierly and officerly qualities; if they know of any better training ground (as an auxiliary to the prescribed Academy course) for discipline, strict attention to orders, strategy in manœuvring, or coolness under fire, than the gridiron field?

THE GAME SHOWED the highest development in football the two Academies have yet reached, credit of which is largely due, of course, to the coaches, which were, for Annapolis, John A. Hartwell, the well-known Yale athlete, assisted by Paul J. Dashiell, the old Lehigh player and now a professor at the academy; and for West Point, Laurie Bliss, the ex-Yale star half-back, who was re-enforced for the last couple of weeks by Williams, Corbin, and Graves—all ex-Yale. Mr. Hartwell's work with Annapolis deserves especial mention, for his original material was inferior to that of West Point. He builded that eleven as he did the winning Yale crew of '92 he captained. He put into them the same drive and determination, and they did equal credit to his teaching.

The Annapolis West Point football record now stands: 1890—Navy, 24; Army, 0. 1891—Army, 32; Navy, 16. 1892—Navy, 12; Army, 4. 1893—Navy, 6; Army, 4.

The development in Western and Southern football this year has been notable, and their work will be commented upon in our next issue.

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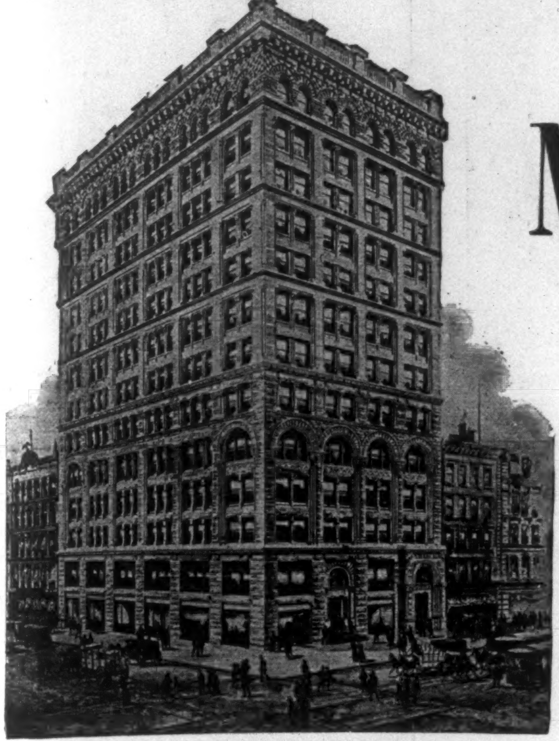

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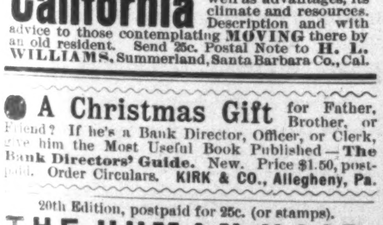

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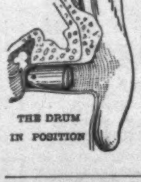

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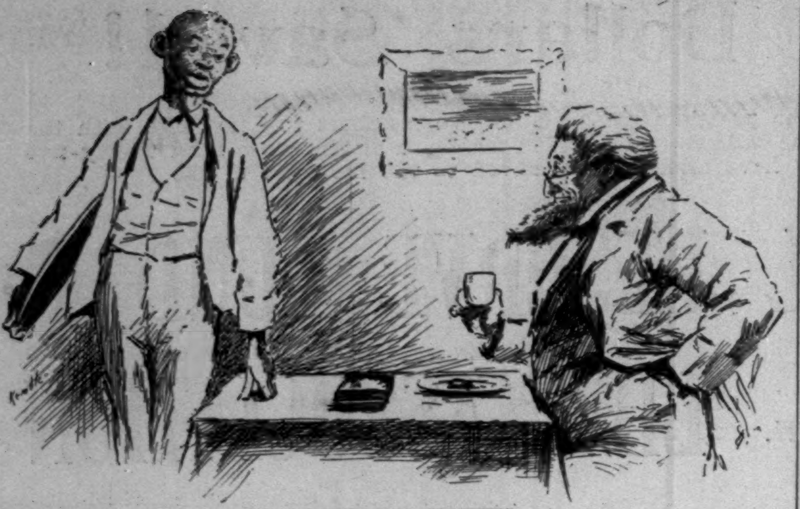

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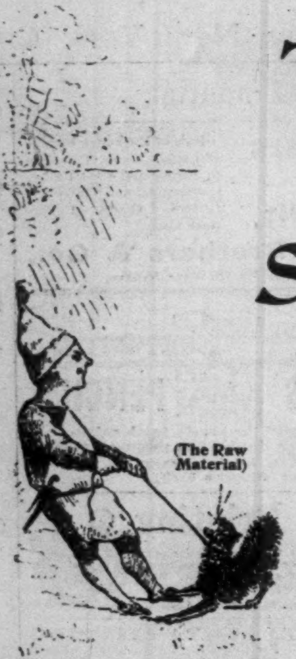

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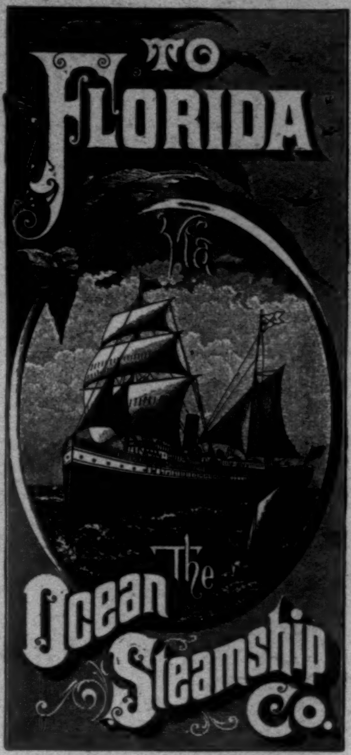

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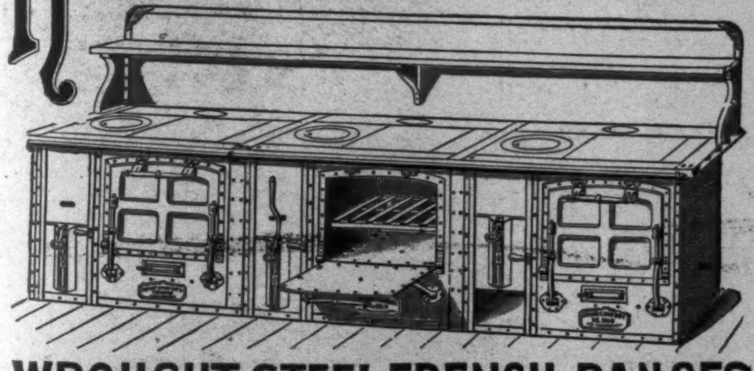

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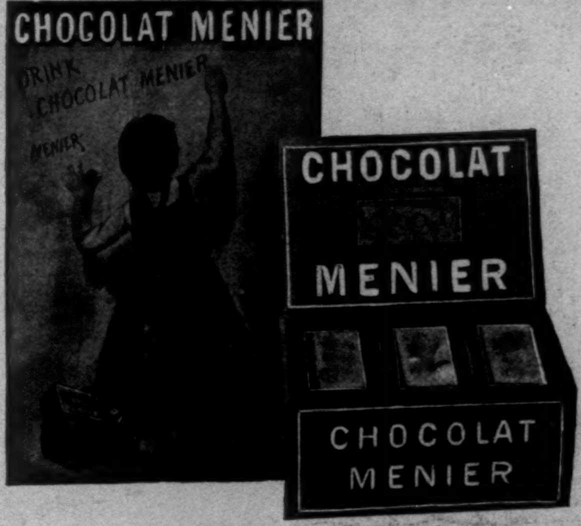

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